

THE
W O R K S
OF
WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

VOL. XXX.
ROMANCES VOL. XXI.

ZWICKAU,
PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1822.

THE

W O R K S

OF

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

Vol. I.

ROBERTSON'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND

W. & A. NICHOLSON

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TALES OF MY LANDLORD,

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM.

*Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Jonny Groats',
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye teit it,
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it.*
BURNS.

VOL. V.

OLD MORTALITY. P. 3.

ZWICKAU,

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1822.

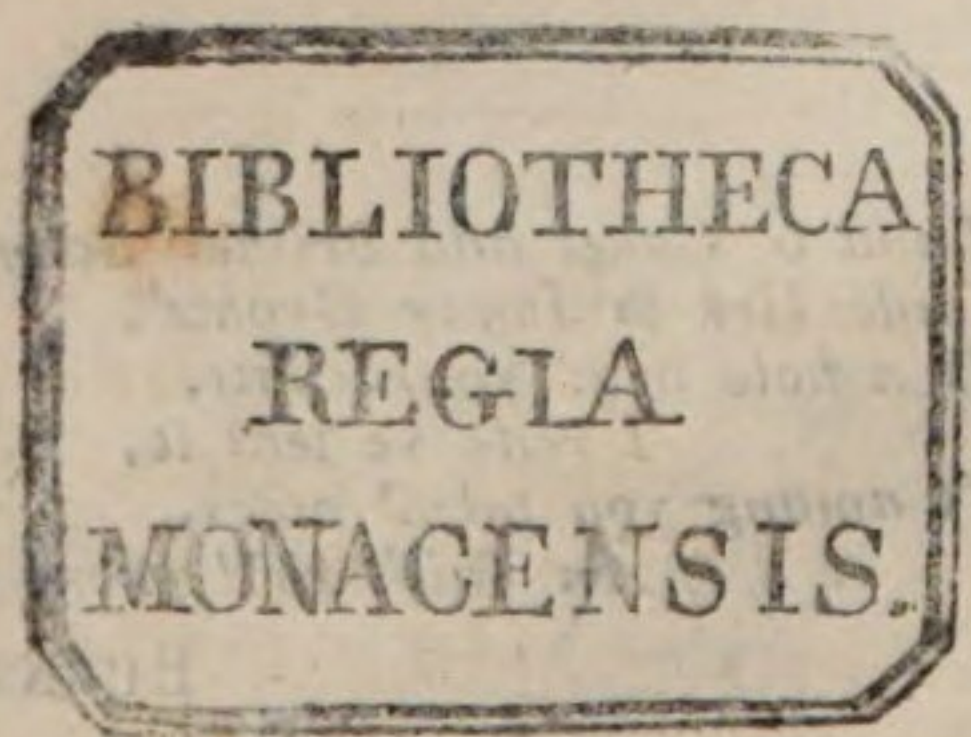
TALLES

OF MY LAYBORN

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Vol. V.

OF THE HISTORY OF

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

BY J. W. F. W.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

1822


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## CHAPTER XXII.

*And look how many Grecian tents do stand.  
Hollow upon this plain — so many hollow factions.*

*Troilus and Gressida.*

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IN a hollow of the hill, about a quarter of a mile from the field of battle, was a shepherd's hut, a miserable cottage, which, as the only enclosed spot within a moderate distance, the leaders of the presbyterian army had chosen for their councilhouse. Towards this spot Burley guided Morton, who was surprised as he approached it, at the multifarious confusion of sounds which issued from its precincts. The calm and anxious gravity which it might be supposed would have presided in councils held on such important subjects, and at a period so critical, seemed to have given place to discord wild, and loud uproar, which fell on the ear of their



new ally as an evil augury of their future measures. As they approached the door, they found it open indeed, but choked up with the bodies and heads of country-men, who, though no members of the council, felt no scruple in intruding themselves upon deliberations in which they were so deeply interested. By expostulation, by threats, and even by some degree of violence, Burley, the sternness of whose character maintained a sort of superiority over these disorderly forces, compelled the intruders to retire, and, introducing Morton into the cottage, secured the door behind them against impertinent curiosity. At a less agitating moment, the young man might have been entertained with the singular scene of which he now found himself an auditor and a spectator.

The precincts of the gloomy and ruinous hut were enlightened partly by some furze which blazed on the hearth, the smoke whereof, having no legal vent, eddied around, and formed over the heads of the assembled council a cloudy canopy, as opake as their metaphysical theology, through which, like stars through mist, were dimly seen to twinkle a few blinking candles, or rather rushes dipped in tallow, the property of the poor owner of the cottage, which were stuck to the walls by patches of wet clay. This broken and dusky light shewed many a counte-



nance elated with spiritual pride, or rendered dark by fierce enthusiasm; and some whose anxious, wandering, and uncertain looks shewed they felt themselves rashly embarked in a cause which they had neither courage nor conduct to bring to a good issue, yet knew not how to abandon, for very shame. They were, indeed, a doubtful and disunited body. The most active of their number were those concerned with Burley in the death of the Primate, four or five of whom had found their way to Loudon-hill, together with other men of the same relentless and uncompromising zeal, who had, in various ways, given desperate and unpardonable offence to the government.

With them were mingled their preachers, men who had spurned at the indulgence offered by government, and preferred assembling their flocks in the wilderness, to worshipping in temples built by human hands, if their doing the latter could be construed to admit any right on the part of their rulers to interfere with the supremacy of the Kirk. The other class of counselors were such gentlemen of small fortune, and substantial farmers, as a sense of intolerable oppression had induced to take arms and join the insurgents. These also had their clergymen with them, who, having many of them taken advantage of the indulgence; were prepared to



resist the measures of the more violent, who proposed a declaration, in which they should give testimony against the warrants and instructions for indulgence, as sinful and unlawful acts. This delicate question had been passed over in silence in the first draught of the manifestos which they intended to publish, of the reasons of their gathering in arms; but it had been stirred anew during Balfour's absence, and, to his great vexation, he now found that both parties had opened upon it in full cry, Macbriar, Kettledrummle, and other teachers of the wanderers, being at the very spring tide of polemical discussion with Peter Poundtext, the indulged pastor of Milnwood's parish, who, it seems, had e'en girded himself with a broad-sword, but, ere he was called upon to fight for the good cause of presbytery in the field, was manfully defending his own dogmata in the council. It was the din of this conflict, maintained chiefly between Poundtext and Kettledrummle, together with the clamour of their adherents, which had saluted Morton's ears upon approaching the cottage. Indeed, as both the divines were men well gifted with words and lungs, and each fierce, ardent, and intolerant in defence of his own doctrine, prompt in the recollection of texts wherewith they battered each other without mercy, and deeply impressed with the importance



of the subject of discussion, the noise of the debate betwixt them fell little short of that which might have attended an actual bodily conflict.

Burley, scandalized at the disunion implied in this virulent strife of tongues, interposed between the disputants, and, by some general remarks on the unseasonableness of discord, a soothing address to the vanity of each party, and the exertion of the authority which his services in that day's victory entitled him to assume, at length succeeded in prevailing upon them to adjourn further discussion of the controversy. But although Kettledrummle and Poundtext were thus for the time silenced, they continued to eye each other like two dogs, who, having been separated by the authority of their masters while fighting, have retreated, each beneath the chair of his owner, still watching each other's motions, and indicating, by occasional growls, by the erected bristles of the back and ears, and by the red glance of the eye, that their discord is unappeased, and that they only wait the first opportunity afforded by any general movement or commotion in the company, to fly once more at each other's throats.

Balfour took advantage of the momentary pause to present to the council Mr Henry Morton of Milnwood, as one touched with a sense of the evils of the times, and willing to peril goods



and life in the precious cause for which his father, the renowned Silas Morton, had given in his time a soul-stirring testimony. Morton was instantly received with the right hand of fellowship by his ancient pastor, Poundtext, and by those among the insurgents who supported the more moderate principles. The others muttered something about Erastianism, and reminded each other in whispers, that Silas Morton, once a stout and worthy servant of the Covenant, had been a backslider in the day when the resolutioners had led the way in owning the authority of Charles Stuart, thereby making a gap whereat the present tyrant was afterward brought in, to the oppression both of kirk and country. They added, however, that, on this great day of calling, they would not refuse society with any who should put hand to the plough; and so Morton was installed in his office of leader and counsellor, if not with the full approbation of his colleagues. at least without any formal or avowed dissent. They proceeded, on Burley's motion, to divide among themselves the command of the men who had assembled, and whose numbers were daily increasing. In this partition, the insurgents of Poundtext's parish and congregation were naturally placed under the command of Morton; an arrangement mutually agreeable to both parties, as he was recom-



mended to their confidence, as well by his personal qualities as his having been born among them.

When this task was accomplished, it became necessary to determine what use was to be made of their victory. Morton's heart throbbed high when he heard the Tower of Tillietudlem named as one of the most important positions to be seized upon. It commanded, as we have often noticed, the pass between the more wild and the more fertile country, and must furnish, it was plausibly urged, a stronghold and place of rendezvous to the cavaliers and malignants of the district, supposing the insurgents were to march onward and leave it uninvested. This measure was particularly urged as necessary by Poundtext and those of his immediate followers, whose habitations and families might be exposed to great severities, if this strong place was permitted to remain in possession of the royalists.

"I opine," said Poundtext, — for, like the other divines of the period, he had no hesitation in offering his advice upon military matters of which he was profoundly ignorant, — "I opine, that we should take in and raze that strong-hold of the woman Lady Margaret Bellen-den, even though we should build a fort and raise a mount against it; for the race is a rebellious and a bloody race, and their hand has



been heavy on the children of the Covenant, both in the former and the latter times. Their hook hath been in our noses, and their bridle betwixt our jaws."

"What are their means and men of defence?" said Burley. "The place is strong; but I conceive that two women cannot make it good against a host."

"There is also," said Poundtext, "John Gudyll, even the lady's chief butler, who boasteth himself a man of war from his youth upward, and who spread the banner against the good cause with that man of Belial, James Grahame of Montrose."

"Pshaw!" returned Balfour, scornfully, "a butler!"

"Also, there is that ancient malignant," replied Poundtext, "Miles Bellenden of Charnwood, whose hands have been dipped in the blood of the saints."

"If that," said Burley, "be Miles Bellenden, the brother of Sir Arthur, he is one whose sword will not turn back from battle; but he must now be stricken in years."

"There was word in the country as I rode along," said another of the council, "that so soon as they heard of the victory which has been given to us, they caused shut the gates of the Tower, and called in men, and collected am-



munition. They were ever a fierce and a malignant house."

"We will not, with my consent," said Burley, "engage in a siege which may consume time. We must rush forward, and follow our advantage by occupying Glasgow; for I do not fear that the troops we have this day beaten, even with the assistance of my Lord Ross's regiment, will judge it safe to await our coming."

"Howbeit," said Poundtext, "we may display a banner before the Tower, and blow a trumpet, and summon them to come forth. It may be that they will give over the place unto our mercy, though they be a rebellious people. And we will summon the women to come forth of their strong-hold, that is, Lady Margaret Bellenden and her grand-daughter, and Jenny Dennison, which is a girl of an ensnaring eye, and the other maids, and we will give them a safe conduct, and send them in peace to the city, even to the town of Edinburgh. But John Gudyill, and Hugh Harrison, and Miles Bellenden, we will restrain with fetters of iron, even as they, in times bypast, have done to the martyred saints."

"Who talks of safe conduct and of peace?" said a shrill, broken, and overstrained voice, from the crowd.

"Peace brother Habakkuk," said Macbriar, in a soothing tone to the speaker.



“I will not hold my peace,” reiterated this strange and unnatural voice; “is this a time to speak of peace, when the earth quakes, and the mountains are rent, and the rivers are changed into blood, and the two-edged sword is drawn from the sheath to drink gore as if it were water, and devour flesh as the fire devours dry stubble?”

While he spoke thus, the orator struggled forward to the inner part of the circle, and presented to Morton’s wondering eyes a figure worthy of such a voice and such language. The rags of a dress which had once been black, added to the tattered fragments of a shepherd’s plaid, composed a covering scarce fit for the purposes of decency, much less for those of warmth or comfort. A long beard, as white as snow, hung down on his breast, and mingled with bushy, uncombed, grizzled hair, which hung in elf-locks around his wild and staring visage. The features seemed to be extenuated by penury and famine, until they hardly retained the likeness of a human aspect. The eyes, grey, wild, and wandering, evidently betokened a bewildered imagination. He held in his hand a rusty sword, clotted with blood, as were his long lean hands, which were garnished at the extremity with nails like eagle’s claws.

“In the name of Heaven! who is he?” said Morton, in a whisper to Poundtext, surprised,



shocked, and even startled at this ghastly apparition, which looked more like the resurrection of some cannibal priest, or Druid, red from his human sacrifice, than like an earthly mortal.

“It is Habakkuk Mucklewrath,” answered Poundtext, in the same tone, “whom the enemy have long detained in captivity in forts and castles, until his understanding hath departed from him, and, as I fear, an evil spirit hath possessed him. Nevertheless, our violent brethren will have it, that he speaketh of the spirit, and that they fructify by his pouring forth.”

Here he was interrupted by Mucklewrath, who cried in a voice that made the very beams of the roof quiver — “Who talks of peace and safe conduct? who speaks of mercy to the bloody house of the malignants? I say, take the infants and dash them against the stones; take the daughters and the mothers of the house and hurl them from the battlements of their trust, that the dogs may fatten on their blood as they did on that of Jezabel the spouse of Ahab, and that their carcasses may be dung to the face of the field even in the portion of their fathers!”

“He speaks right,” said more than one sullen voice from behind; “we will be honoured with little service in the great cause, if we already make fair weather with Heaven’s enemies.”

“This is utter abomination and daring im-  
L. B



piety," said Morton, unable to contain his indignation. "What blessing can you expect in a cause, in which you listen to the mingled ravings of madness and atrocity?"

"Hush, young man!" said Kettledrummle, "and reserve thy censure for that for which thou canst render a reason. It is not for thee to judge into what vessels the spirit may be poured."

"We judge of the tree by the fruit," said Poundtext, "and allow not that to be of divine inspiration that contradicts the divine laws."

"You forget, brother Poundtext," said Macbriar, "that these are the latter days, when signs and wonders shall be multiplied."

Poundtext stood forward to reply; but ere he could articulate a word, the insane preacher broke in with a scream that drowned all competition.

"Who talks of signs and wonders? Am not I Habakkuk Mucklewrath, whose name is changed to Magor-Missabib, because I am made a terror unto myself and unto all that are around me? — I heard it — When did I hear it? — Was it not in the tower of the Bass, that overhangeth the wide wild sea? — And it howled in the winds, and it roared in the billows, and it screamed, and it whistled, and it clanged, with the screams and the clang and the whistle of the seabirds as they floated, and flew,



and dropped, and dived, on the bosom of the waters. I saw it — Where did I see it? — was it not from the high peaks of Dumbarton, when I looked westward upon the fertile land, and northward on the wild Highland hills, when the clouds gathered and the tempest came, and the lightnings of Heaven flashed in sheets as wide as the banners of an host? — What did I see? — Dead corpses and wounded horses, the rushing together of battle, and garments rolled in blood. — What heard I? — The voice that cried, Slay, slay — smite — slay utterly — let not your eye have pity! slay utterly, old and young, the maiden, the child, and the woman whose head is grey — Defile the house and fill the courts with the slain!”

“We receive the command,” exclaimed more than one of the company. “Six days he hath not spoken nor broken bread, and now his tongue is unloosed! — We receive the command; as he hath said so will we do.”

Astonished, disgusted, and horror-struck, at what he had seen and heard, Morton turned away from the circle and left the cottage. He was followed by Burley, who had his eye on his motions.

“Whither are ye going,” said the latter, taking him by the arm.



«Any where; I care not whither; but here I will abide no longer.»

«Art thou so soon weary, young man?» answered Burley. «Thy hand is but now put to the plough, and wouldst thou already abandon it? Is this thy adherance to the cause of thy father?»

«No cause,» replied Morton, indignantly — «no cause can prosper, so conducted — One party declares for the ravings of a bloody-thirsty madman; another leader is an old scholastic pedant; a third» — he stopped, and his companion continued the sentence — «is a desperate homicide, thou wouldst say, like John Balfour of Burley? — I can bear thy misconstruction without resentment. Thou dost not consider, that it is not men of sober and self-seeking minds; who arise in these days of wrath to execute judgment and to accomplish deliverance. Hadst thou but seen the armies of England, during her parliament of 1642, whose ranks were filled with sectaries and enthusiasts, wilder than the anabaptists of Munster, thou wouldst have had more cause to marvel; and yet these men were unconquered on the field, and their hands wrought marvellous things for the liberties of the land.»

«But their affairs,» replied Morton, «were wisely conducted, and the violence of their zeal



expended itself in their exhortations and sermons, without bringing divisions into their councils, or cruelty into their conduct. I have often heard my father say so, and protest, that he wondered at nothing so much as the contrast between the extravagance of their religious tenets, and the wisdom and moderation with which they conducted their civil and military affairs. But our councils seem all one wild chaos of confusion."

"Thou must have patience, Henry Morton," answered Balfour; "thou must not leave the cause of thy religion and country either for one wild word, or one extravagant action. Hear me. I have already persuaded the wiser of our friends, that the councillors are too numerous, and that we cannot expect that the Midianites shall, by so large a number, be delivered into our hands. They have hearkened to my voice, and our assemblies will be shortly reduced within such a number as can consult and act together, and in them thou shalt have a free voice, as well as in ordering our affairs of war, and protecting those to whom mercy should be shewn. — Art thou now satisfied?"

"It will give me pleasure, doubtless," answered Morton, "to be the means of softening the horrors of civil war, and I will not leave the post I have taken, until I see measures adopted at which my conscience revolts. But to no



bloody executions, after quarter asked, or slaughter without trial, will I lend countenance or sanction; and you may depend on my opposing them, with both heart and hand, as constantly and resolutely if attempted by our own followers, as when they are the work of the enemy."

Balfour waved his hand impatiently.

"Thou wilt find," he said, "that the stubborn and hard-hearted generation with whom we deal, must be chastised with scorpions ere their hearts be humbled, and ere they accept the punishment of their iniquity. The word is gone forth against them, 'I will bring a sword upon you that shall avenge the quarrel of my Covenant.' But what is done shall be done gravely, and with discretion, like that of the worthy James Melvin, who executed judgment on the tyrant and oppressor, Cardinal Beaton."

"I own to you," replied Morton, "that I feel still more abhorrent at cold-blooded, and premeditated cruelty, than at that which is practised in the heat of zeal and resentment."

"Thou art yet but a youth," replied Balfour, "and hast not learned how light in the balance are a few drops of blood in comparison to the weight and importance of this great national testimony. But be not afraid; thyself shall vote



and judge in these matters; it may be we shall see little cause to strive together anent them."

With this concession Morton was compelled to be satisfied for the present, and Burley left him, advising him to lie down and get some rest, as the host would probably move in the morning.

"And you," said Morton, "do not you go to rest also?"

"No," said Burley; "my eyes must not yet know slumber. This is no work to be done lightly; I have yet to perfect the choosing of the committee of leaders, and I will call you by times in the morning to be present at their consultation."

He turned away and left Morton to his repose.

The place in which he found himself was not ill adapted for the purpose, being a sheltered nook, beneath a large rock, well protected from the prevailing wind. A quantity of moss with which the ground was overspread, made a couch soft enough for one who had suffered so much hardship and anxiety. Morton wrapped himself in the horseman's cloak which he had still retained, stretched himself on the ground, and had not long indulged in melancholy reflections on the state of the country, and upon his own condition, ere he was relieved from them by deep and sound slumber.



The rest of the army slept on the ground, dispersed in groups, which chose their beds on the field as they could best find shelter and convenience. A few of the principal leaders held wakeful conference with Burley on the state of their affairs, and some watchmen were appointed who kept themselves on the alert by chanting psalms, or listening to the exercises of the more gifted of the number.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

Got with much ease — now merrily to horse.

Henry IV. Part I.

WITH the first peep of day Henry awoke, and found the faithful Cuddie standing beside him with a portmanteau in his hand.

“I hae been just putting your honour’s things in readiness again ye were waking,” said Cuddie, “as is my duty, seeing ye hae been sae gude as to tak me into your service.

“I take you into my service, Cuddie?” said Morton; “you must be dreaming.”

“Na, na, sir,” answered Cuddie; “didna I say when I was tied on the horse yonder, that if ever ye gat loose I wad be your servant, and ye didna say no? and if that isna hiring, I kenna what is. Ye gae me nae arles, indeed,

but ye had gi'en me aneugh at Milnwood."

"Well, Cuddie, if you insist on taking the chance of my unprosperous fortunes" —

"Ou ay, I'se warrant us a' prosper weel aneugh," answered Cuddie, cheeringly, "an' anes my auld mither was weel putten up. I hae begun the campaigning trade at an end that is easy aneugh to learn."

"Pillaging, I suppose," said Morton. "for how else could you come by that portmanteau?"

"I wotna if it's pillaging, or how ye ca't," said Cuddie, "but it comes natural to a body, and it's a profitable trade. Our folk had tirl'd the dead dragoons as bare as bawbees before we were loose amaist — But when I saw the whigs a' weel yokit by the lugs to Kettledrummle and the other chield, I set aff at the lang trot on my ain errand and your honour's. Sae I took up the syke a wee bit, away to the right, where I saw the marks o' mony a horse-foot, and sure aneugh I cam to a place where there had been some clean leathering, and a' the puir chields were lying there busket wi' their claes just as they had put them on that morning — naebody had found out that pose o' carcages — and wha suld be in the midst thereof (as my mither says) but our auld acquaintance, Serjeant Bothwell?"

"Ay, has that man fallen?" said Morton.

Troth has' he," answered Cuddie; "and his e'en were open, and his brow bent, and his teeth clenged thegither, like the jaws of a trap for founmarts when the spring's down — I was amaist feared to look at him; however, I thought to hae turn about wi' him, and sae I e'en ripped his pouches, as he had dune mony an honest man's; and here's your ain siller again (or your uncle's, which is the same) that he got at Milnwood that unlucky night that made us a' sodgers thegither."

"There can be no harm, Cuddie," said Morton, "in making use of this money, since we know how he came by it; but you must divide with me."

"Bide a wee, bide a wee," said Cuddie. "Weel, and there's a bit ring he had hinging in a black ribbon doun on his breast. I am thinking it has been a love token, puir fallow — there's naebody sae rough but they hae aye a kind heart to the lasses — and there's a book wi' a wheen papers, and I gat twa or three odd things that I'll keep to mysel forby."

"Upon my word, you have made a very successful foray for a beginner," said his new master.

"Haena I e'en now?" said Cuddie, with great exultation. "I tauld ye I wasna that dooms stupid, if it cam to lifting things — And forby,

I hae gotten twa gude horse. A feckless loon of a Straven weaver, that had left his loom and his bien house to sit skirling on a cauld hill-side, had caught twa dragoon naigs, and he could neither gar them hup nor wind, sae he took a gowd noble for them baith — I suld hae tried him wi' half the siller, but it's an unco ill place to get change in — Ye'll find the siller's missing out o' Bothwell's purse."

"You have made a most excellent and useful purchase, Cuddie; but what is that portman-teau?"

"The pockmankie," answered Cuddie, "was Lord Evandale's yesterday, and it's yours the day. I fand it ahint the bush o' broom yonder — ilka dog has its day — Ye ken what the auld sang says,

"Take turn about, mother, quo Tam o' the Linn."

"And speaking o' that, I maun gang and see about my mother, puir auld body, if your honour hasna ony immediate commands."

"But, Cuddie," said Morton, "I really cannot take these things from you without some recompense."

"Hout fie, sir," answered Cuddie, "ye suld aye be taking, — for recompense, ye may think

about that some other time — I hae seen gay weel to mysel wi' some things that fit me better. What could I do wi' Lord Evandale's braw claes? Serjeant Bothwell's will serve me weel aneugh."

Not being able to prevail on his self-constituted and disinterested follower to accept of any thing for himself out of these warlike spoils, Morton resolved to take the first opportunity of returning Lord Evandale's property, supposing him yet to be alive; and in the meanwhile, did not hesitate to avail himself of Cuddie's prize, so far as to appropriate some change of linen and other trifling articles amongst those of more value which the portmanteau contained.

He then hastily looked over the papers which were found in Bothwell's pocket-book. These were of a miscellaneous description. The roll of his troop, with the names of those absent on furlough, memorandums of tavern bills, and lists of delinquents who might be made subjects of fine and prosecution, first presented themselves, along with a copy of a warrant from the Privy Council to arrest certain persons of distinction therein named. In another pocket of the book, were one or two commissions which Bothwell had held at different times, and certificates of his services abroad, in which his courage and military talents were highly praised. But the

most remarkable paper was an accurate account of his genealogy, with reference to many documents for establishment of its authenticity; subjoined was a list of the ample possessions of the forfeited Earls of Bothwell, and a particular account of the proportions in which King James VI. had bestowed them on the courtiers and nobility by whose descendants they were at present actually possessed; beneath this list was written, in red letters, in the hand of the deceased, *Haud Immemor*, F. S. E. B., the initials probably intimating Francis Stuart, Earl of Bothwell. To these documents, which strongly painted the character and feelings of the deceased proprietor of these papers, were added some which shewed it in a light greatly different from that in which we have hitherto presented it to the reader.

In a secret pocket of the book, which Morton did not discover without some trouble, were one or two letters, written in a beautiful female hand. They were dated about twenty years back, bore no address, and were subscribed only by initials. Without having time to peruse them accurately, Morton perceived that they contained the elegant yet fond expressions of female affection, directed towards an object whose jealousy they endeavoured to sooth, and of whose hasty, suspicious, and impatient temper, the writer

seemed gently to complain. The ink of these manuscripts had faded by time, notwithstanding the great care which had obviously been taken for their preservation, they were in one or two places chafed so as to be illegible.

“It matters not,” these words were written on the envelope of that which had suffered most, “I have them by heart.”

With these letters was a lock of hair wrapped in a copy of versers, written obviously with a feeling, which atoned, in Morton’s opinion, for the roughness of the poetry, and the conceits with which it abounded, according to the taste of the period: —

Thy hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright,
As in that well-remember’d night,
When first thy mystic braid was wove,
And first my Agnes whisper’d love.

Since then how often hast thou press’d
The torrid zone of this wild breast,
Whose wrath and hate have sworn to dwell
With the first sin which peopled hell,
A breast whose blood’s a troubled ocean,
Each throb the earthquake’s wild commotion?—
O, if such clime thou canst endure,
Yet keep thy hue unstain’d and pure,
What conquest o’er each erring thought
Of that fierce realm had Agnes wrought!

I had not wander'd wild and wide,
 With such an angel for my guide;
 Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me,
 If she had lived, and lived to love me.

Not then this world's wild joys had been
 To me one savage hunting scene,
 My sole delight the headlong race,
 And frantic hurry of the chase,
 To start, pursue, and bring to bay,
 Rush in, drag down and rend my prey,
 Then — from the carcase turn away!
 Mine ireful mood had sweetness tamed,
 And soothed each wound which pride inflamed;
 Yes, God and man might now approve me,
 If thou hadst lived, and liked to love me!

As he finished reading these lines, Morton could not forbear reflecting with compassion on the fate of this singular and most unhappy being, who, it appeared, while in the lowest state of desperation, and almost of contempt, had his recollections continually fixed on the high station to which his birth seemed to entitle him; and while plunged in gross licentiousness, was in secret looking back with bitter remorse to the period of his youth, during which he had nourished a virtuous, though unfortunate attachment.

“Alas! what are we,” said Morton, “that our best and most praise-worthy feelings can be

thus debased and depraved — that honourable pride can sink into haughty and desperate indifference for general opinion, and the sorrow of blighted affection inhabit the same bosom, which licence, revenge, and rapine have chosen for their citadel? But it is the same throughout; the liberal principles of one man sink into cold and unfeeling indifference, the religious zeal of another hurries him into frantic and savage enthusiasm. Our resolutions — our passions, are like the waves of the sea, and without the aid of Him who formed the human breast, we cannot say to its tides, ‘Thus far shall ye come, and no farther.’”

While he thus moralized, he raised his eyes, and observed that Burley stood before him.

“Already awake?” said that leader — “It is well, and shews zeal to tread the path before you. — What papers are these?” he continued.

Morton gave him some brief account of Cud-die’s successful marauding party, and handed him the pocket-book of Bothwell, with its contents. The Cameronian leader looked with some attention on such of the papers as related to military affairs, or public business; but when he came to the verses, he threw them from him with contempt.

“I little thought,” he said, “when, by the blessing of God, I passed my sword three times

through the body of that arch tool of cruelty and persecution, that a character so desperate and so dangerous could have stooped to an art as trifling as it is profane. But I see that Satan can blend the most different qualities in his well-beloved and chosen agents, and that the same hand which can wield a club or a slaughter-weapon against the godly in the Valley of Destruction, can touch a tinkling lute, or a gittern, to sooth the ears of the dancing daughters of perdition in their Vanity Fair."

"Your ideas of duty, then," said Morton, "exclude love of the fine arts, which have been supposed in general to purify and to elevate the mind."

"To me, young man," answered Burley, "and to those who think as I do, the pleasures of this world, under whatever name disguised, are vanity, as its grandeur and power are a snare. We have but one object on earth, and that is, to build up the temple of the Lord."

"I have heard my father observe," replied Morton, "that many who assumed power in the name of Heaven, were as severe in its exercise, and as unwilling to part with it, as if they had been solely moved by the motives of worldly ambition — But of this another time. Have you succeeded in obtaining a committee of the council to be nominated?"

“I have,” answered Burley; “the number is limited to six, of which you are one, and I come to call you to their deliberations.”

Morton accompanied him to a sequestered grass-plot, where their colleagues awaited them. In this delegation of authority, the two principal factions which divided the tumultuary army had each taken care to send three of their own number. On the part of the Cameronians, were Burley, Macbriar, and Kettledrummle; and on that of the moderate party, Poundtext, Henry Morton, and a small proprietor, called the Laird of Langcale. Thus the two parties were equally balanced by their representatives in the committee of management, although it seemed likely that those of the most violent opinions were, as is usual in such cases, to possess and exert the greater degree of energy. Their debate, however, was conducted more like men of this world than could have been expected from their conduct on the preceding evening. After maturely considering their means and situation, and the probable increase of their numbers, they agreed that they would keep their position for that day, in order to refresh their men, and give time to reinforcements to join them, and that, on the next morning, they would direct their march towards Tillietudlem, and summon that strong-hold, as they expressed it, of malig-

nancy. If it was not surrendered to their summons, they resolved to try the effect of a brisk assault, and, should that miscarry, it was settled that they should leave a part of their number to blockade the place, and reduce it, if possible, by famine, while their main body should march forward to drive Claverhouse and Lord Ross from the town of Glasgow. Such was the determination of the council of management; and thus Morton's first enterprize in active life was likely to be the attack of a castle belonging to the parent of his mistress, and defended by her relative, Major Bellenden, to whom he personally owed many obligations. He felt fully the embarrassment of his situation, yet consoled himself with the reflection, that his newly-acquired power in the insurgent army would give him, at all events, the means of extending to the inmates of Tillietudlem a protection which no other circumstance could have afforded them, and he was not without hope that he might be able to mediate such an accommodation betwixt them and the presbyterian army as should secure them a safe neutrality during the war which was about to ensue.

CHAPTER XXIV.

*There came a knight from the field of slain,
His steed was drench'd with blood and rain.*

Finlay.

WE must now return to the fortress of Tillie-tudlem and its inhabitants. The morning, being the first after the battle of Loudon-hill, had dawned upon its battlements, and the defenders had already resumed the labours by which they proposed to render the place tenable, when the watchman, who was placed in a high turret, called the Warder's Tower, gave the signal that a horseman was approaching. As he came nearer, his dress indicated an officer of the Life-guards; and the slowness of his horse's pace, as well as the manner in which the rider stooped on the saddle-bow, plainly shewed that he was sick or wounded. The 'wicket was instantly

opened to receive him, and Lord Evandale rode into the court-yard, so reduced by loss of blood, that he was unable to dismount without assistance. As he entered the hall, leaning upon a servant, the ladies shrieked with surprise and terror; for, pale as death, stained with blood, his regimentals soiled and torn, and his hair matted and disordered, he resembled rather a spectre than a human being. But their next exclamation was that of joy at his escape.

“Thank God!” exclaimed Lady Margaret, “that you are here, and have escaped the hands of the blood-thirsty murderers who have cut off so many of the king’s loyal servants!”

“Thank God,” added Edith, “that you are here and in safety! We have dreaded the worst; but you are wounded, and I fear we have little the means of assisting you.”

“My wounds are only sword-cuts,” answered the young nobleman, as he reposed himself on a seat; “the pain is not worth mentioning, and I should not even feel exhausted but for the loss of blood. But it was not my purpose to bring my weakness to add to your danger and distress, but to relieve them, if possible. What can I do for you? — Permit me,” he added, addressing Lady Margaret — “permit me to

think and act as your son, my dear madam — as your brother, Edith!”

He pronounced the last part of the sentence with some emphasis, as if he feared that the apprehension of his pretensions as a suitor might render his proffered services unacceptable to Miss Bellenden. She was not insensible to his delicacy, but there was no time for exchange of sentiment.

“We are preparing for our defence,” said the old lady, with great dignity; “my brother has taken charge of our garrison, and, by the grace of God, we will give the rebels such a reception as they deserve.”

“How gladly” said Evandale, “would I share in the defence of the Castle! But, in my present state, I should be but a burden to you, nay, something worse; for the knowledge that an officer of the Life-guards was in the Castle would be sufficient to make these rogues more desperately earnest to possess themselves of it. If they find it defended only by the family, they may possibly march on to Glasgow rather than hazard an assault.”

“And can you think so meanly of us, my Lord,” said Edith, with the generous burst of feeling which woman so often evinces, and

which becomes her so well, her voice faltering through eagerness, and her brow colouring with the noble warmth which dictated her language — “Can you think so meanly of your friends, as that they would permit such considerations to interfere with their sheltering and protecting you at a moment when you are unable to defend yourself, and when the whole country is filled with the enemy? Is there a cottage in Scotland whose owners would permit a valued friend to leave it in such circumstances? And can you think we will allow you to go from a castle which we think strong enough for our own defence?”

“Lord Evandale need never think of it,” said Lady Margaret. “I will dress his wounds myself; it is all an old wife is fit for in war time; but to quit the Castle of Tillietudlem when the sword of the enemy is drawn to slay him, — the meanest trooper that ever wore the king’s coat on his back should not do so, much less my young Lord Evandale. Ours is not a house that ought to brook such dishonour. The Tower of Tillietudlem has been too much distinguished by the visit of his most sacred” — —

Here she was interrupted by the entrance of the Major.

“We have taken a prisoner, my dear uncle,”

said Edith — “a wounded prisoner, and he wants to escape from us. You must help us to keep him by force.”

“Lord Evandale?” exclaimed the veteran. “I am as much pleased as when I got my first commission. Claverhouse reported you were killed, or missing at least.”

“I should have been slain, but for a friend of yours,” said Lord Evandale, speaking with some emotion, and bending his eyes on the ground, as if he wished to avoid seeing the impression that what he was about to say would make upon Miss Bellenden. “I was unhorsed and defenceless, and the sword raised to dispatch me, when young Mr Morton, the prisoner for whom you interested yourself yesterday morning, interposed in the most generous manner, preserved my life, and furnished me with the means of escaping.”

As he ended the sentence, a painful curiosity overcame his first resolution, he raised his eyes to Edith's face, and imagined he could read in the glow of her cheek and the sparkle of her eye, joy at hearing of her lover's safety and freedom, and triumph at his not having been left last in the race of generosity. Such, indeed, were her feelings, but they were also mingled with admiration of the ready frankness

with which Lord Evandale had hastened to bear witness to the merit of a favoured rival, and to acknowledge an obligation which, in all probability, he would rather have owed to any other individual in the world.

Major Bellenden, who would never have observed the emotions of either party, even had they been much more markedly expressed, contented himself with saying, "Since Henry Morton has influence with the rascals, I am glad he has so exerted it; but I hope he will get clear of them as soon as he can. Indeed, I cannot doubt it. I know his principles, and that he detests their cant and hypocrisy. I have heard him laugh a thousand times at the pedantry of that old presbyterian scoundrel, Poundtext, who, after enjoying the indulgence of the government for so many years, has now, upon the very first ruffle, shewn himself in his own proper colours, and set off, with three parts of his cropeared congregation, to join the host of the fanatics. — But how did you escape after leaving the field, my Lord?"

"I rode for my life, as a recreant knight must," answered Lord Evandale, smiling. "I took the route where I thought I had least chance of meeting with any of the enemy, and

I found shelter for several hours — you will hardly guess where.”

“At Castle-Bracklan, perhaps,” said Lady Margaret, “or in the house of some other loyal gentleman?”

“No, madam. I was repulsed, under one mean pretext or another, from more than one house of that description, for fear of the enemy following my traces; but I found refuge in the cottage of a poor widow, whose husband had been shot within these three months by a party of our corps, and whose two sons are at this very moment with the insurgents.”

“Indeed?” said Lady Margaret Bellenden; “and was a fanatic woman capable of such generosity? — but she disapproved, I suppose, of the tenets of her family?”

“Far from it, madam,” continued the young nobleman; “she was in principle a rigid recusant, but she saw my danger and distress, considered me as a fellow-creature, and forgot that I was a cavalier and a soldier. She bound my wounds, and permitted me to rest upon her bed, concealed me from a party of the insurgents who were seeking for stragglers, supplied me with food, and did not suffer me to leave my place of refuge until she had learned that I had

every chance of getting to this tower without danger."

"It was nobly done," said Miss Bellenden; "and I trust you will have an opportunity of rewarding her generosity."

"I am running up an arrear of obligation on all sides, Miss Bellenden, during these unfortunate occurrences," replied Lord Evandale; "but when I can attain the means of shewing my gratitude, the will shall not be wanting."

All now joined in pressing Lord Evandale to relinquish his intention of leaving the Castle; but the argument of Major Bellenden proved the most effectual.

"Your presence in the Castle will be most useful, if not absolutely necessary, my Lord, in order to maintain, by your authority, proper discipline among the fellows whom Claverhouse has left in garrison here, and who do not prove to be of the most orderly description of inmates; and, indeed, we have the Colonel's authority, for that very purpose, to detain any officer of his regiment who might pass this way."

"That," said Lord Evandale, "is an unanswerable argument, since it shews me that my residence here may be useful, even in my present disabled state."

“For your wounds, my Lord,” said the Major, “if my sister, Lady Bellenden, will undertake to give battle to any feverish symptom, if such should appear, I will answer that my old campaigner, Gideon Pike, shall dress a flesh-wound with any of the incorporation of Barber Surgeons. He had enough of practice in Montrose’s time, for we had few regularly-bred army surgeons, as you may well suppose. — You agree to stay with us, then?”

“My reasons for leaving the Castle,” said Lord Evandale, glancing a look towards Edith, “though they evidently seemed weighty, must needs give way to those which infer the power of serving you. May I presume, Major, to enquire into the means and plan of defence which you have prepared? or can I attend you to examine the works?”

It did not escape Miss Bellenden, that Lord Evandale seemed much exhausted both in body and mind. “I think, sir,” she said, addressing the Major, “that since Lord Evandale condescends to become an officer of our garrison, you should begin by rendering him amenable to your authority, and ordering him to his apartment, that he may take some refreshment ere he enters on military discussions.”

“Edith is right, said the old lady; “you must

go instantly to bed, my Lord, and take some febrifuge, which I will prepare with my own hand; and my lady-inwaiting, Mistress Martha Weddell, shall make some friar's chicken, or something very light. I would not advise wine. — John Gudyill, let the housekeeper make ready the chamber of dais. Lord Evandale must lie down instantly. Pike will take off the dressings and examine the state of the wounds."

"These are melancholy preparations, madam," said Lord Evandale, as he returned thanks to Lady Margaret, and was about to leave the hall, — "but I must submit to your ladyship's directions; and I trust that your skill will soon make me a more able defender of your castle than I am at present. You must render my body serviceable as soon as you can, for you have no use for my head while you have Major Bellenden."

With these words he left the apartment.

"An excellent young man, and a modest," said the Major.

"None of that conceit," said Lady Margaret, "that often makes young folks suppose they know better how their complaints should be treated than people that have had experience."

"And so generous and handsome a young nobleman," said Jenny Dennison, who had entered

during the latter part of this conversation, and was now left alone with her mistress in the hall, the Major returning to his military cares, and Lady Margaret to her medical preparations.

Edith only answered these encomiums with a sigh; but, although silent, she felt and knew better than any one how much they were merited by the person on whom they were bestowed. Jenny, however, failed not to follow up her blow.

“After a’, it’s true that my leddy says — there’s nae trusting a presbyterian; they are a’ faithless man-sworn loons. Whae wad hae thought that young Milnwood and Cuddie Headrigg wad hae ta’en on wi’ thae rebel blackguards?”

“What do you mean by such improbable nonsense, Jenny?” said her young mistress, very much displeased.

“I ken it’s no pleasing for you to hear, madam,” answered Jenny, hardily; “and it’s as little pleasant for me to tell; but as gude ye suld ken about it soon as syne, and the haill Castle’s ringing wi’t.”

“Ringing with what, Jenny? Have you a mind to drive me mad?” answered Edith, impatiently.

“Just that Henry Morton of Milnwood is out wi’ the rebels, and ane o’ their chief leaders.”

“It is a falsehood,” said Edith — “a most base calumny! and you are very bold to dare to repeat it to me. Henry Morton is incapable of such treachery to his king and country — such cruelty to me — to — to all the innocent and defenceless victims, I mean, who must suffer in a civil war — I tell you he is utterly incapable of it, in every sense.”

“Dear! dear! Miss Edith,” replied Jenny, still constant to her text; “they maun be better acquainted wi’ young men than I am, or ever wish to be, that can tell preceesely what they’re capable or no capable o’. But there has been Trooper Tam, and another chield, out in bonnets and grey plaids, like countrymen, to recon — reconnoitre, I think John Gudyill ca’d it; and they hae been amang the rebels, and brought back word that they had seen young Milnwood, mounted on ane o’ the dragoon horses that was ta’en at Loudon-hill, armed wi’ sword and pistols, like wha but him, and hand and glove wi’ the foremost o’ them, and dreeling and commanding the men; and Cuddie at the heels o’ him, in ane o’ Serjeant Bothwell’s laced waistcoats, and a cockit hat with a bab o’ blue ribbands at it, for the auld cause o’ the Covenant, (but Cuddie aye liked a blue ribband) and a ruffled sark, like ony lord o’ the land — it sets the like o’ him, indeed!”

“Jenny,” said her young mistress, hastily, “it is impossible these men’s report can be true; my uncle has heard nothing of it at this instant.”

“Because Tam Halliday, answered the hand-maiden, “came in just five minutes after Lord Evandale; and when he heard his Lordship was in the Castle, he swore (the profane loon) he would be d—d ere he would make the report, as he ca’d it, of his news to Major Bellenden, since there was an officer of his ain regiment in the garrison. Sae he wad have said naething till Lord Evandale wakened the next morning; only he tauld me about it,” (here Jenny looked a little down,) “just to vex me about Cuddie.”

“Poh, you silly girl,” said Edith, assuming some courage, “it is all a trick of that fellow to teaze you.”

“Na, madam, it canna be that, for John Gudyill took the other dragoon (he’s an auld hard-favoured man, I wotna his name) into the cellar, and gae him a tass o’ brandy to get the news out o’ him, and he said just the same as Tam Halliday, word for word; and Mr Gudyill was in sic a rage, that he tauld it a’ ower again to us, and says the haill rebellion is owing to the nonsense o’ my Leddy and the Major, and Lord Evandale, that begged off young Milnwood

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and Cuddie yesterday morning, for that, if they had suffered, the country wad hae been quiet — and troth I am muckle o' that opinion mysel."

This last commentary Jenny added to her tale, in resentment of her mistress's extreme and obstinate incredulity. She was instantly alarmed, however, by the effect which her news produced upon her young mistress, an effect rendered doubly violent by the High church principles and prejudices in which Miss Bellenden had been educated. Her complexion became instantly as pale as a corpse, her respiration so difficult that it was on the point of altogether failing her, and her limbs so incapable of supporting her that she sunk, rather than sat, down upon one of the seats in the hall, and seemed on the eve of fainting. Jenny tried cold water, burnt feathers, cutting of laces, and all other remedies usual in hysterical cases, but without any immediate effect.

"God forgi'e me, what hae I done?" said the repentant fille-de-chambre; "I wish my tongue had been cuttit out! — Wha wad hae thought o' her taking on that way, and a' for a young lad? — O, Miss Edith — dear Miss Edith, haud your heart up about it, it's maybe no true for a' that I hae said — O, I wish my mouth had been blistered! — A' body tells me my tongue will do me a mischief some day. What if my

Leddy comes? or the Major? — and she's sitting in the throne too, that naebody has sat in since that weary morning the King was here! — O, what will I do? What will become o' us?"

While Jenny Dennison thus lamented herself and her mistress, Edith slowly recovered from the paroxysm into which she had been thrown by this unexpected intelligence.

"If he had been unfortunate," she said, "I never could have deserted him. I never did so, even when there was danger and disgrace in pleading his cause. If he had died, I would have mourned him — if he had been unfaithful, I would have forgiven him; but a rebel to his King, — a traitor to his country, — the associate and colleague of cut-throats and common stabbers, — the persecutor of all that is noble, — the professed and blasphemous enemy of all that is sacred, — I will tear him from my heart, if my life-blood should ebb in the effort!"

She wiped her eyes, and rose hastily from the great chair, (or throne, as Lady Margaret used to call it,) while the terrified damsel hastened to shake up the cushion, and efface the appearance of any one having occupied that sacred seat; although King Charles himself, considering the youth and beauty as well as the affliction of the momentary usurper of his hallowed chair,

would probably have thought very little of the profanation. She then hastened officiously to press her support on Edith, as she paced the hall apparently in deep meditation.

“Tak my arm, madam; better just tak my arm; sorrow maun hae its vent, and doubtless” —

“No, Jenny,” said Edith, with firmness; “you have seen my weakness, and you shall see my strength.”

“But ye leaned on me the other morning, Miss Edith, when ye were sae sair grieved.”

“Misplaced and erring affection may require support, Jenny — duty can support itself, yet I will do nothing rashly. I will be aware of the reasons of his conduct — and then — cast him off for ever,” was the firm and determined answer of her young lady.

Overawed by a manner of which she could neither conceive the motive, nor estimate the merit, Jenny muttered between her teeth, “Odd, when the first flight’s ower, Miss Edith taks it as easy as I do, and muckle easier, and I’m sure I ne’er cared half sae muckle about Cud-die Headrigg as she did about young Milnwood. Forbye that, it’s maybe as weel to hae a friend on baith sides; for, if the whigs suld cum to tak the Castle, as it’s like they may, when

there's sae little victual, and the dragoons wasting what's o't, ou, in that case, Milnwood and Cuddie wad hae the upper hand, and their freendship wad be worth siller — I was thinking sae this morning or I heard the news."

With this consolatory reflection the damsel went about her usual accommodations, leaving her mistress to school her mind as she best might, for eradicating the sentiments which she had hitherto entertained towards Henry Morton.



CHAPTER XXV.

*Once more unto the breach — dear friends,
once more!*

Henry V.



ON the evening of this day, all the information which they could procure led them to expect that the insurgent army would be with early dawn on their march against Tillietudlem. Lord Evandale's wounds had been examined by Pike, who reported them in a very promising state. They were numerous, but none of any consequence; and the loss of blood, as much perhaps as the boasted specific of Lady Margaret, had prevented any tendency to fever; so that, notwithstanding he felt some pain and great weakness, the patient maintained that he was able to creep about with the assistance of a stick. In these circumstances, he refused to be confined to his

apartment, both that he might encourage the soldiers by his presence, and suggest any necessary addition to the plan of defence, which the Major might be supposed to have arranged upon something of an antiquated fashion of warfare. Lord Evandale was well qualified to give advice on such subjects, having served, during his early youth, both in France and in the Low Countries. There was little or no occasion, however, for altering the preparations already made; and, excepting on the article of provisions, there seemed no reason to fear for the defence of so strong a place against such assailants as those by whom it was threatened.

With the peep of day, Lord Evandale and Major Bellenden were on the battlements again, viewing and re-viewing the state of their preparations, and anxiously expecting the approach of the enemy. I ought to observe, that the report of the spies had now been regularly made and received. But the Major treated the report that Morton was in arms against the government, with the most scornful incredulity.

“I know the lad better,” was the only reply he deigned to make; “the fellows have not dared to venture near enough, and have been deceived by some fanciful resemblance, or have picked up some idle story.”

“I differ from you, Major,” answered Lord

Evandale; «I think you will see that young gentleman at the head of the insurgents, and, though I shall be heartily sorry for it, I shall not be greatly surprised.”

«You are as bad as Claverhouse,” said the Major, «who contended yesterday morning down my very throat, that this young fellow, who is as high-spirited and gentleman-like a boy as I have ever known, wanted but an opportunity to place himself at the head of the rebels.”

«And considering the usage which he has received, and the suspicions under which he lies,” said Lord Evandale, «what other course is open to him? For my own part, I should hardly know whether he deserved most blame or pity.”

«Blame, my Lord? — Pity?” echoed the Major, astonished at hearing such sentiments, «he would deserve to be hanged, that’s all; and, were he my own son, I should see him strung up with pleasure — Blame indeed! But your Lordship cannot think as you are pleased to speak.”

«I give you my honour, Major Bellenden, that I have been for some time of opinion, that our politicians and prelates have driven matters to a painful extremity in this country, and have alienated, by violence of various kinds, not only the lower classes, but all those in the upper ranks,

whom strong party-feeling, or a desire of court-interest, does not attach to their standard."

"I am no politician," answered the Major, "and I do not understand nice distinctions. My sword is the King's, and when he commands I draw it in his cause,"

"I trust," replied the young Lord, "you will not find me more backward than yourself, though I heartily wish that the enemy were foreigners. It is, however, no time to debate that matter, for yonder they come, and we must defend ourselves as well as we can."

As Lord Evandale spoke, the van of the insurgents began to make their appearance on the road which crossed the top of the hill, and thence descended opposite to the Tower. They did not, however, move downwards, as if aware that, in doing so, their columns would be exposed to the fire of the artillery of the place. But their numbers, which at first seemed few, appeared presently so to deepen and concentrate themselves, that, judging of the masses which occupied the road behind the hill from the closeness of the front which they presented on the top of it, their force seemed very considerable. There was a pause of anxiety on both sides; and, while the unsteady ranks of the Covenanters were agitated, as if by pressure behind, or uncertainty as to their next movement, their

arms, picturesque from their variety, glanced in the morning sun, whose beams were reflected from a grove of pikes, muskets, halberds, and battle-axes. The armed mass occupied, for a few minutes, this fluctuating position, until three or four horsemen, who seemed to be leaders, advanced from the front, and occupied a height a little nearer to the castle. John Gudyill, who was not without some skill as an artilleryman, brought a gun to bear on this detached group.

“I’ll flee the falcon,” (so the small cannon was called) — “I’ll flee the falcon whene’er your honour gies command; my certie, she’ll ruffle their feathers for them.”

The Major looked at Lord Evandale.

“Stay a moment,” said the young nobleman, “they send us a flag of truce.”

In fact, one of the horsemen at that moment dismounted, and, displaying a white cloth on a pike, moved forward toward the Tower, while the Major and Lord Evandale, descending from the battlement of the main fortress, advanced to meet him as far as the barricade, judging it unwise to admit him within the precincts which they designed to defend. At the same time that the ambassador set forth, the group of horsemen, as if they had anticipated the preparations of John Gudyill for their annoyance, withdrew

from the advanced station which they had occupied, and fell back to the main body.

The envoy of the Covenanters, to judge by his mien and manner, seemed fully imbued with that spiritual pride which distinguished his sect. His features were drawn up to a contemptuous primness, and his half-shut eyes seemed to scorn to look upon the terrestrial objects around, while, at every solemn stride, his toes were pointed outwards with an air that appeared to despise the ground on which they trode. Lord Evandale could not suppress a smile at this singular figure.

“Did you ever,” said he to Major Bellenden, “see such an absurd automaton? One would swear it moves upon springs — Can it speak, think you?”

“O, ay,” said the Major; “that seems to be one of my old acquaintance, a genuine puritan of the right pharasaical leaven. — Stay — he coughs and hems; he is about to summon the Castle with the butt end of a sermon instead of a parley on the trumpet.”

The veteran, who in his day had had many an opportunity to become acquainted with the manners of these religionists, was not far mistaken in his conjecture, only that, instead of a prose exordium, the Laird of Langcale, for it

was no less a personage, uplifted, with a Stentorian voice, a verse of the twenty-fourth Psalm:

“Ye gates, lift up your heads, ye doors,
Doors that do last for aye,
Be lifted up” — —

“I told you so,” said the Major to Evandale, and then presented himself at the entrance of the barricade, demanding to know for what purpose or intent he made that doleful noise, like a hog in a high wind, beneath the gates of the Castle.

“I come,” replied the ambassador, in a high and shrill voice, and without any of the usual salutations or deferences, — “I come from the godly army of the Solemn League and Covenant, to speak with two carnal malignants, William Maxwell, called Lord Evandale, and Miles Bellen-den of Charnwood.”

“And what have you to say to Miles Bellen-den and Lord Evandale?” answered the Major.

“Are you the parties?” said the Laird of Langcale, in the same sharp, conceited, disrespectful tone of voice.

“Even so, for fault of better,” said the Major.

“Then there is the public summons,” said the envoy, putting a paper into Lord Evandale’s hand, “and there is a private letter for Miles

Bellenden from a godly youth who is honoured with leading a part of our host. Read them quickly, and God give you grace to fructify by the contents, though it is muckle to be doubted."

The summons ran thus: «We, the named and constituted leaders of the gentlemen, ministers, and others, presently in arms for the cause of liberty and true religion, do warn and summon William Lord Evandale and Miles Bellenden of Charnwood, and others presently in arms, and keeping garrison in the tower of Tillietudlem, to surrender the said Tower upon fair conditions of quarter, and license to depart with bag and baggage, otherwise to suffer such extremity of fire and sword as belong by the laws of war to those who hold out an untenable post. And so may God defend his own good cause,"

This summons was signed by John Balfour of Burley, as quarter-master-general of the army of the Covenant, for himself, and in name of the other leaders.

The letter to Major Bellenden was from Henry Morton. It was couched in the following language: —

«I have taken a step, my venerable friend, which among many painful consequences, will, I am afraid, incur your very decided disapprobation. But I have taken my resolution in hon-

our and good faith, and with the full avowal of my own conscience. I can no longer submit to have my own rights and those of my fellow-subjects trampled upon, our freedom violated, our persons insulted, and our blood spilt, without just cause or legal trial. Providence, through the violence of the oppressors themselves, seems now to have opened a way of deliverance from this intolerable tyranny, and I do not hold him deserving of the name and rights of a freeman, who, thinking as I do, shall withhold his arm from the cause of his country. But God, who knows my heart, be my witness, that I do not share the angry or violent passions of the oppressed and harassed sufferers with whom I am now acting. My most earnest and anxious desire is, to see this unnatural war brought to a speedy end, by the union of the good, wise, and moderate of all parties, and a peace restored, which, without injury to the King's constitutional rights, may substitute the authority of equal laws for that of military violence, and, permitting to all men to worship God according to their own consciences, may subdue fanatical enthusiasm by reason and mildness, instead of driving it to frenzy by persecution and intolerance.

“With these sentiments, you may conceive with what pain I appear in arms before the

house of your venerable relative, which we understand you propose to hold out against us. Permit me to press upon you the assurance, that such a measure will only lead to the effusion of blood — that, if repulsed in the assault, we are yet strong enough to invest the place, and reduce it by hunger, being aware of your indifferent preparations to sustain a protracted siege. It would grieve me to the heart to think what would be the sufferings in such a case, and upon whom they would chiefly fall.

“Do not suppose, my respected friend, that I would propose to you any terms which could compromise the high and honourable character which you have so deservedly won and so long borne. If the regular soldiers (to whom I will ensure a safe retreat) are dismissed from the place, I trust no more will be required than your parole to remain neuter during this unhappy contest, and I will take care that Lady Margaret's property, as well as yours, shall be duly respected, and no garrison intruded upon you. I could say much in favour of this proposal; but I fear, as I must, in the present instance, appear criminal in your eyes, good arguments would lose their influence when coming from an unwelcome quarter. I will, therefore, break off with assuring you, that whatever your sentiments may be hereafter towards me, my sense

of gratitude to you can never be diminished or erased, and it would be the happiest moment of my life that should give me more effectual means than mere words to assure you of it. Therefore, although in the first moment of resentment you may reject the proposal I make to you, let that not prevent you from resuming the topic, if future events should render it more acceptable; for whenever, or howsoever, I can be of service to you, it will always afford the greatest satisfaction to.

«HENRY MORTON.»

Having read this long letter with the most marked indignation, Major Bellenden put it into the hand of Lord Evandale.

«I would not have believed this,” he said, «of Henry Morton, if half mankind had sworn it! The ungrateful, rebellious traitor! rebellious in cold blood, and without even the pretext of enthusiasm that warms the liver of such a crack-brained fop as our friend the envoy there. But I should have remembered he was a presbyterian — I ought to have been aware that I was nursing a wolf-cub, whose diabolical nature would make him tear and snatch at me on the first opportunity. Were Saint Paul on earth again and a presbyterian, he would be a

rebel in three months — it is in the very blood of them.”

“Well,” said Lord Evandale, “I will be the last to recommend surrender; but, if our provisions fail, and we receive no relief from Edinburgh, or Glasgow, I think we ought to avail ourselves of this opening, to get the ladies at least safe out of the Castle.”

“They will endure all, ere they would accept the protection of such a smoothtongued hypocrite,” answered the Major indignantly; “I would renounce them for relatives were it otherwise. But let us dismiss the worthy ambassador — My friend,” he said, turning to Langcale, “tell your leaders, and the mob they have gathered yonder, that, if they have not a particular opinion of the hardness of their own skulls, I would advise them to beware how they knock them against these old walls. And let them send no more flags of truce, or we will hang up the messenger in retaliation of the murder of Cornet Grahame.”

With this answer the ambassador returned to those by whom he had been sent. He had no sooner reached the main-body than a murmur was heard amongst the multitude, and there was raised, in front of their ranks, an ample red flag, the borders of which were edged with blue. As this signal of war and defiance spread out

its large folds upon the morning wind, the ancient banner of Lady Margaret's family, together with the royal ensign, were immediately hoisted on the walls of the Tower, and, at the same time, a round of artillery was discharged against the foremost ranks of the insurgents, by which they sustained some loss. Their leaders instantly withdrew them to the shelter of the brow of the hill.

"I think," said John Gudyill, while he busied himself in re-charging his guns, "they hae fund the falcon's neb a bit ower hard for them — It's no for nought that the hawk whistles."

But as he uttered these words, the ridge was once more crowded with the ranks of the enemy. A general discharge of their fire-arms was directed against the defenders upon the battlements. Under cover of the smoke, a column of picked men rushed down the road with determined courage, and, sustaining with firmness a heavy fire from the defenders, they forced their way, in spite of opposition, to the first barricade by which the avenue was defended. They were led on by Balfour in person, who displayed courage equal to his enthusiasm, and, in spite of every opposition, forced the barricade, killing and wounding several of the defenders, and compelling the rest to retreat to their second position. The precautions, how-

ever, of Major Bellenden, rendered this success unavailing, for no sooner were the Covenanters in possession of the post, than a close and destructive fire was poured into it from the Castle, and from those stations which commanded it in the rear. Having no means of protecting themselves from this fire, or of returning it with effect against men who were under cover of their barricades and defences, the Covenanters were obliged to retreat; but not until they had, with their axes, destroyed the stockade, so as to render it impossible for the defenders to re-occupy it.

Balfour was the last man that retired. He even remained for a short space, almost alone, with an axe in his hand, labouring like a pioneer amid the storm of balls, many of which were specially aimed against him. The retreat of the party he commanded was not effected without heavy loss, and served as a severe lesson concerning the local advantages possessed by the garrison.

The next attack of the Covenanters was made with more caution. A strong party of marksmen, (many of them competitors at the game of the popinjay) under the command of Henry Morton, glided through the woods where they afforded them the best shelter, and, avoiding the open road, endeavoured, by forcing their way through

the bushes and trees, and up the rocks which surrounded it on either side, to gain a position, from which, without being exposed in an intolerable degree, they might annoy the flank of the second barricade, while it was menaced in front by a second attack from Burley. The besieged saw the danger of this movement, and endeavoured to impede the approach of the marksmen, by firing upon them at every point where they shewed themselves. The assailants, on the other hand, displayed great coolness, spirit, and judgment in the manner in which they approached the defences. This was, in a great measure, to be ascribed to the steady and adroit manner in which they were conducted by their youthful leader, who showed as much skill in protecting his own followers as spirit in annoying the enemy.

He repeatedly enjoined his marksmen to direct their aim chiefly upon the redcoats, and to save the others engaged in the defence of the Castle; and, above all, to spare the life of the old Major, whose anxiety made him more than once expose himself in a manner, that, without such generosity on the part of the enemy, might have proved fatal. A dropping fire of musketry now glanced from every part of the precipitous mount on which the Castle was founded. From bush to bush — from crag to crag — from tree

to tree, the marksmen continued to advance, availing themselves of branches and roots to assist their ascent, and contending at once with the disadvantage of the ground and the fire of the enemy. At length they got so high on the ascent, that several of them possessed an opportunity of firing into the barricade against the defenders, who then lay exposed to their aim, and Burley, availing himself of the confusion of the moment, moved forward to the attack in front. His onset was made with the same desperation and fury as before, and met with less resistance, the defenders being alarmed at the progress which the sharp-shooters had made in turning the flank of their position. Determined to improve his advantage, Burley, with his axe in his hand, pursued the party whom he had dislodged even to the third and last barricade, and entered it along with them.

“Kill, kill — down with the enemies of God and his people! — No quarter — The Castle is ours!” were the cries by which he animated his friends; the most undaunted of whom followed him close, whilst the others, with axes, spades, and other implements, threw up earth, cut down trees, hastily labouring to establish such a defensive cover in the rear of the second barricade as might enable them to retain possession of it, in case the Castle was not carried by this coup-de-main.

Lord Evandale could no longer restrain his impatience. He charged with a few soldiers who had been kept in reserve in the court-yard of the Castle; and, although his arm was in a sling, encouraged them, by voice and gesture, to assist their companions who were engaged with Burley. The combat now assumed an air of desperation. The narrow road was crowded with the followers of Burley, who pressed forward to support their companions. The soldiers, animated by the voice and presence of Lord Evandale, fought with fury, their small numbers being in some measure compensated by their greater skill, and by their possessing the upper ground, which they defended desperately with pikes and halberds, as well as with the butt of the carabines and their broad-swords. Those within the Castle endeavoured to assist their companions, whenever they could so level their guns as to fire upon the enemy without endangering their friends. The sharp-shooters, dispersed around, were firing incessantly on each object that was exposed upon the battlement. The Castle was enveloped with smoke, and the rocks rang to the cries of the combatants. In the midst of this scene of confusion, a singular accident had nearly given the besiegers possession of the fortress.

Cuddie Headrigg, who had advanced among

the marksmen, being well acquainted with every rock and bush in the vicinity of the Castle, where he had so often gathered nuts with Jenny Denison, was enabled, by such local knowledge, to advance farther, and with less danger, than most of his companions, excepting some three or four who had followed him close. Now Cuddie, though a brave enough fellow upon the whole, was by no means fond of danger, either for its own sake, or for that of the glory which attends it. In his advance, therefore, he had not, as the phrase goes, taken the bull by the horns, or advanced in front of the enemy's fire. On the contrary, he had edged gradually away from the scene of action, and, turning his line of ascent rather to the left, had pursued it until it brought him under a front of the Castle different from that before which the parties were engaged, and to which the defenders had given no attention, trusting to the steepness of the precipice. There was, however, on this point, a certain window belonging to a certain pantry, and communicating with a certain yew-tree, which grew out of a steep cleft of the rock, being the very pass through which Goose-Gibbie was smuggled out of the Castle in order to carry Edith's express to Charnwood, and which had probably, in its day, been used for other contraband purposes. Cuddie,

resting upon the butt of his gun, and looking up at this window, observed to one of his companions, — “There’s a place I ken weel; mony a time I hae helped Jenny Dennison out o’ that winnock, forby creeping in whiles mysel to get some daffin, at e’en after the pleugh was loosed.”

“And what’s to hinder us to creep in just now?” said the other, who was a smart, enterprizing young fellow.

“There’s no muckle to hinder us, an’ that were a’,” answered Cuddie; “but what were we to do neist?”

“We’ll tak the Castle,” cried the other; “here are five or six o’ us, and a’ the sodgers are engaged at the gate.”

“Come awa’ wi’ you, then,” said Cuddie; “but mind, de’il a finger ye maun lay on Lady Margaret, or Miss Edith, or the auld Major, or ony body but the sodgers — cut and quarter amang them, I carena.”

“Ay, ay, said the other, “let us once in, and we’ll make our own terms with them all.”

Gingerly, and as if treading upon eggs, Cuddie began to ascend the well-known pass, not very willingly; for, besides that he was something apprehensive of the reception he might meet with in the inside, his conscience insisted that he was making but a shabby requital for Lady Margaret’s former favours and protection. He

got up, however, into the yew-tree, followed by his companions, one after another. The window was small, and had been secured by stauncheons of iron; but these had been long worn away by time, or forced out by the domestics to possess a free passage for their own occasional convenience. Entrance was therefore easy, providing there was no one in the pantry, a point which Cuddie endeavoured to discover before he made the final and perilous step. While his companions, therefore, were urging and threatening him behind; and he was hesitating and stretching his neck to look into the apartment, his head became visible to Jenny Dennison, who had ensconced herself in said pantry as the safest place in which to wait the issue of the assault. So soon as this object of terror caught her eye, she set up a hysteric scream, flew to the adjacent kitchen, and, in the desperate agony of fear, seized on a pot of kail-brose which she herself had hung on the fire before the combat began, having promised to Tam Halliday to prepare his breakfast for him. Thus burthened, she returned to the window of the pantry, and still exclaiming, "Murder! murder! — we are a' harried and ravished — the Castle's ta'en — tak it amang ye!" — she discharged the whole scalding contents of the pot, accompanied with a dismal yell, upon

the person of the unfortunate Cuddie. However welcome the mess might have been, if Cuddie and it had become acquainted in a regular manner, the effects, as administered by Jenny, would probably have cured him of soldiering for ever, had he been looking upwards when it was thrown upon him. But, fortunately for our man of war, he had taken the alarm upon Jenny's first scream, and was in the act of looking down, expostulating with his comrades, who impeded the retreat which he was anxious to commence; so that the steel cap and buff coat which formerly belonged to Serjeant Bothwell, being garments of an excellent endurance, protected his person against the greater part of the scalding brose. Enough, however, reached him to annoy him severely, so that in the pain and surprise he jumped hastily out of the tree, oversetting his followers, to the manifest danger of their limbs, and, without listening to arguments, entreaties, or authority, made the best of his way by the most safe road to the main body of the army whereunto he belonged, and could neither by threats nor persuasion be prevailed upon to return to the attack.

As for Jenny, when she had thus conferred upon one admirer's outward man the viands which her fair hands had been preparing for the stomach of another, she continued her song of

alarm, running a screaming division upon all those crimes, which lawyers call the four pleas of the crown, namely murder, fire, rape, and robbery. These hideous exclamations gave so much alarm, and created such confusion within the Castle, that Major Bellenden and Lord Evandale judged it best to draw off from the conflict without the gates, and, abandoning to the enemy all the exterior defences of the avenue, confine themselves to the Castle itself, for fear of its being surprised on some unguarded point. Their retreat was unmolested, for the panic of Cuddie and his companions had occasioned nearly as much confusion on the side of the besiegers, as the screams of Jenny had caused to the defenders.

There was no attempt on either side to renew the action that day. The insurgents had suffered most severely; and, from the difficulty which they had experienced in carrying the barricaded positions without the precincts of the Castle, they could have but little hope of storming the place itself. On the other hand, the situation of the besieged was dispiriting and gloomy. In the skirmishing they had lost two or three men, and had several wounded; and though their loss was in proportion greatly less than that of the enemy, who had left twenty men dead on the place, yet their small number could much

worse spare it, while the desperate attacks of the opposite party plainly showed how serious the leaders were in the purpose of reducing the place, and how well seconded by the zeal of their followers. But, especially, the garrison had to fear for hunger, in case blockade should be resorted to as the means of reducing them. The Major's directions had been imperfectly obeyed in regard to laying in provisions; and the dragoons, in spite of all warning and authority, were likely to be wasteful in using them. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart, that Major Bellenden gave directions for guarding the window through which the Castle had so nearly been surprised, as well as all others which offered the most remote facility for such an enterprize.

CHAPTER XXVI.

*— The King hath drawn
The special head of all the land together.*

Henry IV. Part. 2.

THE leaders of the presbyterian army had a serious consultation upon the evening of the day in which they had made the attack on Tillietudlem. They could not but observe that their followers were disheartened by the loss which they had sustained, and which, as usual in such cases, had fallen upon the bravest and most forward. It was to be feared, that if they were suffered to exhaust their zeal and efforts in an object so secondary as the capture of this petty fort, their numbers would melt away by degrees, and they would lose all the advantages arising out of the present unprepared state of the go-

vernment. Moved by these arguments, it was agreed that the main body of the army should march against Glasgow, and dislodge the soldiers who were lying in that town. The council nominated Henry Morton, with others, to this last service, and appointed Burley to the command of a chosen body of five hundred men, who were to remain behind, for the purpose of blockading the Tower of Tillietudlem. Morton testified the greatest repugnance to this arrangement.

“He had the strongest personal motives,” he said, “for desiring to remain near Tillietudlem; and if the management of the siege were committed to him, he had little doubt but that he would bring it to such an accommodation as, without being rigorous to the besieged, would fully answer the purpose of the besiegers.”

Burley readily guessed the cause of his young colleague's reluctance to move with the army; for, interested as he was in appreciating the characters with whom he had to deal, he had contrived, through the simplicity of Cuddie, and the enthusiasm of old Mause, to get much information concerning Morton's relations with the family of Tillietudlem. He therefore took the advantage of Poundtext arising to speak to business, as he said, for some short space of time, which Burley rightly interpreted to mean

an hour at the very least, and seized that moment to withdraw Morton from the hearing of their colleagues, and to hold the following argument with him:

«Thou art unwise, Henry Morton, to desire to sacrifice this holy cause to thy friendship for an uncircumcised Philistine, or thy lust for a Moabitish woman.»

«I neither understand your meaning, Mr Balfour, nor relish your allusions,» replied Morton, indignantly; «and I know no reason you have to bring so gross a charge, or to use such uncivil language.»

«Confess, however, the truth, that there are those within yon dark Tower, over whom thou wouldst rather be watching like a mother over her little ones, than thou wouldst bear the banner of the Church of Scotland over the necks of her enemies.»

«If you mean that I would willingly terminate this war without any bloody victory, and that I am more anxious to do this than to acquire any personal fame or power, you may be,» replied Morton, «perfectly right.»

«And not wholly wrong,» answered Burley, «in deeming that thou wouldst not exclude from so general a pacification thy friends in the garrison of Tillietudlem.»

“Certainly,” replied Morton; “I am too much obliged to Major Bellenden not to wish to be of service to him as far as the interest of the cause I have espoused will permit. I never made a secret of my regard for him.”

“I am aware of that,” said Burley; “but, if thou hadst concealed it, I should, nevertheless, have found out thy riddle. Now, hearken to my words. This Miles Bellenden hath means to subsist his garrison for a month.”

“That is not the case,” answered Morton; “we know his stores are hardly equal to a week’s consumption.”

“Ay, but,” continued Burley, “I have since had proof, of the strongest nature, that such a report was spread in the garrison by that wily and grey-headed malignant, partly to prevail on the soldiers to submit to a diminution of their daily food, partly to detain us before the walls of his fortress until the sword should be whetted to smite and to destroy us.”

“And why was not the evidence of this laid before the council of war?” said Morton.

“To what purpose?” said Balfour. — “What need we undeceive Kettledrumle, Macbriar, Poundtext, and Langcale, upon such a point? Thyselself must own, that whatever is told to them

escapes to the host out of the mouth of the preachers at their next holding-forth. They are already discouraged by the thoughts of lying before the fort a week. What would be the consequence were they ordered to prepare for the leaguer of a month?"

"But why conceal it, then, from me? or why tell it me now? And, above all, what proofs have you got of the fact?" continued Morton.

"There are many proofs," replied Burley; and he put into his hand a number of requisitions sent forth by Major Bellenden, with receipts on the back to various proprietors, for cattle, corn, meal, etc., to such an amount, that the sum total seemed to exclude the possibility of the garrison being soon distressed for provisions. But Burley did not inform Morton of a fact which he himself knew full well, namely, that most of these provisions never reached the garrison, owing to the rapacity of the dragoons sent to collect them, who readily sold to one man what they took from another, and abused the Major's press for stores, pretty much as Sir John Falstaff did that of the King for men.

"And now," continued Balfour, observing that he had made the desired impression, "I have only to say, that I concealed this from thee no longer than it was concealed from my-

self, for I have only received these papers this morning; and I tell it unto thee now, that thou mayest go on thy way rejoicing, and work the great work willingly at Glasgow, being assured that no evil can befall thy friends in the malignant party, since their fort is sufficiently victualled, and I possess not numbers sufficient to do more against them than to prevent their sallying forth."

"And why," continued Morton, who felt an inexpressible reluctance to acquiesce in Balfour's reasoning — "why not permit me to remain in the command of this smaller party, and march forward yourself to Glasgow? It is the more honourable charge."

"And, therefore, young man," answered Burley, "have I laboured that it should be committed to the son of Silas Morton. I am waxing old, and this grey head has had enough of honour where it could be gathered by dangers. I speak not of the frothy bubble which men call earthly fame, but the honour belonging to him that doth not the work negligently. But thy career is yet to run. Thou hast to vindicate the high trust which has been bestowed on thee through my assurance that it was dearly well-merited. At Loudon-hill thou wert a captive, and at the last attack it was thy part to fight

under cover, whilst I led the more open and dangerous attack; and, shouldst thou now remain before these walls when there is active service elsewhere, trust me, that men will say, that the son of Silas Morton hath fallen away from the paths of his father."

Stung by this last observation, to which, as a gentleman and soldier, he could offer no suitable reply, Morton hastily acquiesced in the proposed arrangement. Yet he was unable to divest himself of certain feelings of distrust which he involuntarily attached to the quarter from which he received this information.

"Mr Balfour," he said, "let us distinctly understand each other. You have thought it worth your while to bestow particular attention upon my private affairs and personal attachments; be so good as to understand that I am as constant to them as to my political principles. It is possible, that, during my absence, you may possess the power of soothing or of wounding these feelings. Be assured, that whatever may be the consequences to the issue of our present adventure, my eternal gratitude, or my persevering resentment, will attend the line of conduct you may adopt on such an occasion; and, however young and inexperienced I am, I have no doubt

of finding friends to assist me in expressing my sentiments in either case."

"If there be a threat implied in that denunciation," replied Burley, coldly and haughtily, "it had better have been spared. I know how to value the regard of my friends, and despise, from my soul, the threats of my enemies. But I will not take occasion of offence. Whatever happens here in your absence, shall be managed with as much deference to your wishes as the duty I owe to a higher power can possibly permit."

With this qualified promise Morton was obliged to rest satisfied.

"Our defeat will relieve the garrison," said he, internally, "ere they can be reduced to surrender at discretion; and, in case of victory, I already see, from the numbers of the moderate party, that I shall have a voice as powerful as Burley's in determining the use which shall be made of it."

He therefore followed Balfour to the council, where they found Kettledrummle adding to his *lastly* a few words of practical application. When these were expended, Morton testified his willingness to accompany the main body of the army, which was destined to drive the regular troops from Glasgow. His companions in

command were named, and the whole received a strengthening exhortation from the preachers who were present. Next morning, at break of day, the insurgent army broke up for their encampment, and marched towards Glasgow.

It is not our intention to detail at length incidents which may be found in the history of the period. It is sufficient to say, that Claverhouse and Lord Ross, learning the superior force which was directed against them, entrenched, or rather barricadoed themselves, in the centre of the city, where the town-house and old jail were situated, with the determination to stand the assault of the insurgents rather than to abandon the capital of the west of Scotland. The presbyterians made their attack in two bodies, one of which penetrated into the city in the line of the College and Cathedral church, while the other marched up the Gallowgate, or principal access from the south east. Both divisions were led by men of resolution, and behaved with great spirit. But the advantages of discipline and situation were too great for their undisciplined valour. Ross and Claverhouse had carefully disposed parties of their soldiers in houses, at the heads of the streets, and in the entrances of closes, as they are called, or lanes, besides those who were entrench-

ed behind breast-works which reached across the streets. The assailants found their ranks thinned by a fire from invisible opponents, which they had no means of returning with effect. It was in vain that Morton and other leaders exposed their persons with the utmost gallantry, and endeavoured to bring their antagonists to a close action. Their followers shrunk from them in every direction; and yet, though Henry Morton was one of the very last to retire, and exerted himself in bringing up the rear, maintaining order in the retreat, and checking every attempt which the enemy made to improve the advantage they had gained by the repulse, he had still the mortification to hear many of those in his ranks muttering to each other, that this came of trusting to latitudinarian boys, and that had honest, faithful Burley led the attack, as he did that of the barricades of Tillietudlem, the issue would have been as different as might be. It was with burning resentment that Morton heard these reflections thrown out by the very men who had soonest exhibited signs of discouragement. The unjust reproach, however, had the effect of firing his emulation, and making him sensible that, engaged as he was in a perilous cause, it was absolutely necessary that he should conquer or die.

“I have no retreat,” he said to himself. “All shall allow — even Major Bellenden — even Edith — that in courage, at least, the rebel Morton was not inferior to his father.”

The condition of the army after this repulse was so undisciplined, and in such disorganization, that the leaders thought it prudent to draw off some miles from the city, to gain time for reducing them once more into such order as they were capable of adopting. Recruits, in the meanwhile, came fast in, more moved by the extreme hardships of their own condition, and encouraged by the advantage obtained at Loudon-hill, than deterred by the last unfortunate enterprise. Many of these attached themselves particularly to Morton's division. He had, however, the mortification to see, that his unpopularity among the more intolerant part of the Covenanters increased rapidly. The prudence, beyond his years, which he exhibited in improving the discipline and arrangement of his followers, they termed a trusting in the arm of flesh, and his avowed tolerance for those of religious sentiments and observances different from his own, obtained him, most unjustly, the nickname of Gallio, who cared for none of those things. What was worse than these misconceptions, the mob of the insurgents, always loudest in applause of

those who push political or religious opinions to extremity, and disgusted with such as endeavour to reduce them to the yoke of discipline, preferred avowedly the more zealous leaders, in whose ranks enthusiasm in the cause supplied the want of good order and military subjection, to the restraints which Morton endeavoured to bring them under. In short, while bearing the principal burden of command, (for his colleagues willingly relinquished in his favour every thing that was troublesome and obnoxious in the office of general,) Morton found himself without that authority which alone could render his regulations effectual.

Yet, notwithstanding these obstacles, he had, during the course of a few days, laboured so hard to introduce some degree of discipline into the army, that he thought he might hazard a second attack upon Glasgow with every certainty of success.

It cannot be doubted that Morton's anxiety to measure himself with Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse, at whose hands he had sustained such injury, had its share in giving motive to his uncommon exertions. But Claverhouse disappointed his hopes; for, satisfied with having the advantage in repulsing the first attack upon

Glasgow, he determined that he would not, with the handful of troops under his command, await a second attack from the insurgents with more numerous and better disciplined forces than had supported their first enterprise. He therefore evacuated the place, and marched at the head of his troops towards Edinburgh. The insurgents of course entered Glasgow without resistance, and without Morton having the opportunity, which he so deeply coveted, of again encountering Claverhouse personally. But, although he had not an opportunity of wiping away the disgrace which had befallen his division of the army of the Covenant, the retreat of Claverhouse, and the possession of Glasgow, tended greatly to animate the insurgent army and to increase its numbers. The necessity of appointing new officers, of organizing new regiments and squadrons, of making them acquainted with the most necessary points of military discipline, were labours, which, by universal consent, seemed to be devolved upon Henry Morton, and which he the more readily undertook, because his father had made him acquainted with the theory of the military art, and because he plainly saw, that, unless he took this ungracious but absolutely necessary labour, it was vain to expect any other to engage in it.

In the meanwhile, fortune appeared to favour the enterprise of the insurgents more than the most sanguine durst have expected. The Privy Council of Scotland, astonished at the extent of resistance which their arbitrary measures had provoked, seemed stupified with terror, and incapable of taking active steps to subdue the resentment which their measures had provoked. There were but very few troops in Scotland, and these they drew towards Edinburgh, as if to form an army for protection of the metropolis. The feudal array of the crown vassals in the various counties was ordered to take the field, and render to the King the military service due for their fiefs. But the summons was very slackly obeyed. The quarrel was not generally popular among the gentry; and even those who were not unwilling themselves to have taken arms, were deterred by the repugnance of their wives, mothers, and sisters, to their engaging in such a cause. Meanwhile, the inadequacy of the Scottish government to provide for their own defence, or to put down a rebellion of which the commencement seemed so trifling, excited at the English court doubts at once of their capacity, and of the prudence of the severities they had exerted against the oppressed presbyterians. It was, therefore, resolved to nominate to the command of the army of Scotland, the unfortunate

Duke of Monmouth, who had by marriage a great interest in the southern parts of that kingdom. The military skill which he had displayed on different occasions abroad, was supposed more than adequate to subdue the insurgents in the field, while it was expected that his mild temper, and the favourable disposition which he shewed to presbyterians in general, might soften men's minds, and tend to reconcile them to the government. The Duke was, therefore, invested with a commission, containing high powers for settling the distracted affairs of Scotland, and dispatched from London with strong succours to take the principal military command in that country.

CHAPTER XXVII.

*— — I am bound to Bothwell-hill,
Where I maun either do or die.*

Old Ballad.

THERE was now a pause in the military movements on both sides. The government seemed contented to prevent the rebels advancing towards the capital, while the insurgents were intent upon augmenting and strengthening their forces. For this purpose, they established a sort of encampment in the park belonging to the ducal residence at Hamilton, a central situation for receiving their recruits, and where they were secured from any sudden attack, by having the Clyde, a deep and rapid river, in front of their position, which is only passable by a long and

narrow bridge near the castle and village of Bothwell.

Morton remained here for about a fortnight after the attack on Glasgow, actively engaged in his military duties. He had received more than one communication from Burley, but they only stated, in general, that the Castle of Tilletudlem continued to hold out. Impatient of suspense upon this most interesting subject, he at length intimated to his colleagues in command his desire, or rather his intention, — for he saw no reason why he should not assume a licence which was taken by every one else in this ill-ordered army, — to go to Milnwood for a day or two to arrange some private affairs of consequence. The proposal was by no means approved of; for they were sufficiently sensible of the value of his services to fear to lose them, and were somewhat conscious of their own inability to supply his place. They could not, however, pretend to dictate to him laws more rigid than they submitted to themselves, and he was suffered to depart on his journey without any direct objection being stated. The Reverend Mr Poundtext took the same opportunity to pay a visit to his own residence in the neighbourhood of Milnwood, and favoured Morton with his company on the journey. As the country was

chiefly friendly to their cause, and in possession of their detached parties, excepting here and there the stronghold of some old cavaliering Baron, they travelled without any other attendant than the faithful Cuddie.

It was near sunset when they reached Milnwood, where Poundtext bid adieu to his companions, and travelled forward alone to his own manse, which was situated half a mile's march beyond Tillietudlem. When Morton was left alone to his own reflections, with what complication of feelings did he review the woods, banks, and fields, that had been familiar to him! His character, as well as his habits, thoughts, and occupations, had been entirely changed within the space of little more than a fortnight, and twenty days seemed to have done upon him the work of as many years. A mild, romantic, gentle-tempered youth, bred up in dependence, and stooping patiently to the controul of a sordid and tyrannical relation, had suddenly, by the rod of oppression and the spur of injured feeling, been compelled to stand forth a leader of armed men, was earnestly engaged in affairs of a public nature, had friends to animate and enemies to contend with, and felt his individual fate bound up in that of a national insurrection and revolution. It seemed as if he had at once ex-

perienced a transition from the romantic dreams of youth to the labours and cares of active manhood. All that had formerly interested him was obliterated from his memory, excepting only his attachment to Edith, and even his love seemed to have assumed a character more manly and disinterested, as it had become mingled and contrasted with other duties and feelings. As he revolved the particulars of this sudden change, the circumstances in which it originated, and the possible consequences of his present career, the thrill of natural anxiety which passed along his mind, was immediately banished by a glow of generous and highspirited confidence.

“I shall fall young,” he said, “if fall I must, my motives misconstrued, and my actions condemned by those whose approbation is dearest to me. But the sword of liberty and patriotism is in my hand, and I will neither fall meanly nor unavenged. They may expose my body and gibbet my limbs; but other days will come, when the sentence of infamy will recoil against those who may pronounce it. And that Heaven, whose name is so often profaned during this unnatural war, will bear witness to the purity of the motives by which I have been guided.”

Upon approaching Milnwood, Henry's knock upon the gate no longer intimated the conscious

timidity of a stripling who has been out of bounds, but the confidence of a man in full possession of his own rights, and master of his own actions — bold, free, and decided. The door was cautiously opened by his old acquaintance, Mrs Alison Wilson, who started back when she saw the steel cap and nodding plume of the martial visitor.

“Where is my uncle, Alison?” said Morton, smiling at her alarm.

“Lordsake, Mr Harry, is this you?” returned the old lady. “In troth, ye garr’d my heart loup to my very mouth — But it canna be your ainsel, for ye look taller and mair manly-like than ye used to do.”

“It is, however, my own self,” said Henry, sighing and smiling at the same time; “I believe this dress may make me look taller, and these times, Ailie, make men out of boys.”

“Sad times, indeed,” echoed the old woman; “and O that you suld be endangered wi’ them! but wha can help it? — ye were ill aneugh guided, and, as I tell your uncle, if ye tread on a worm it will turn.”

“You were always my advocate, Ailie, and would let no one blame me but yourself, I am aware of that. — Where is my uncle?”

“In Edinburgh,” replied Alison; “the honest man thought it was best to gang and sit by the chimney when the reek rase — a vex’d man he’s been and a fear’d — but ye ken the laird as weel as I do.”

“I hope he has suffered nothing in health?” said Henry.

“Naething to speak of,” answered the housekeeper, “nor in gudes neither — we fended as weel as we could; and, though the troopers of Tillietudlem took the red cow and auld Hackie, (ye’ll mind them weel,) yet they sauld us a gude bargain of four they were driving to the Castle,”

“Sold you a bargain?” said Morton, “how do you mean?”

“O, they cam out to gather marts for the garrison,” answered the housekeeper; “but they just fell to their auld trade, and rade through the country coupling and selling a’ that they gat, like sae mony west-country drovers. My certie, Major Bellenden was laird o’ the least share o’ what they lifted, though it was ta’en in his name.”

“Then,” said Morton, hastily, “the garrison must be straitened for provisions?”

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“Stressed aneugh,” replied Ailie — “there’s little doubt o’ that.”

A light instantly glanced on Morton’s mind.

“Burley must have deceived me — craft as well as cruelty is permitted by his creed. — I cannot stay, Mrs Wilson, I must go forward directly.”

“But, oh! bide to eat a mouthfu’,” entreated the affectionate housekeeper, “and I’ll mak it ready for ye as I used to do afore thae sad days.”

“It is impossible,” answered Morton. “Cuddie, get our horses ready.”

“They’re just eating their corn,” answered Cuddie.

“Cuddie!” exclaimed Ailie; “What garr’d ye bring that ill-fa’ard, unlucky loon alang wi’ ye? — It was him and his randie mother began a’ the mischief in this house.”

“Tut, tut,” replied Cuddie, “ye should forget and forgi’e, mistress. Mother’s in Glasgow wi’ her tittie, and sall plague ye nae mair, and I’m the Captain’s wally now, and I keep him tighter in thack and rape than ever ye did; — saw ye him ever sae weel put on as he is now?”

“In troth and that’s true,” said the old housekeeper, looking with great complacency at her young master, whose mien she thought greatly improved by his dress. “I’m sure ye ne’er had a laced cravat like that when ye were at Milnwood; that’s nane o’ my sewing.”

“Na, na, mistress, replied Cuddie, “that’s a cast o’ my hand — that’s ane o’ Lord Evandale’s brows.”

“Lord Evandale?” answered the old lady; “that’s him that the whigs are gaun to hang the morn, as I hear say.”

The whigs about to hang Lord Evandale?” said Morton, in the greatest surprise.

“Ay, troth are they,” said the housekeeper. “Yesterday night he made a sally, as they ca’t (my mother’s name was Sally — I wonder they gi’e Christian folks names to sic unchristian doings) — but he made an outbreak to get provisions, and his men were driven back and he was ta’en, an’ the whig Captain, Balfour, garr’d set up a gallows, and swore, (or said upon his conscience, for they winna swear,) that, if the garrison was not gi’en ower the morn by daybreak, he would hing up the young Lord, poor thing, as high as Haman. — These

are sair times! — but folk canna help them — sae do ye sit down and tak bread and cheese until better meat's made ready. Ye suldna hae kenn'd a word about it, an' I had thought it was to spoil your dinner, hinnie."

"Fed, or unfed, saddle the horses instantly, Cuddie. We must not rest until we get before the Castle."

And, resisting all Ailie's entreaties, they instantly resumed their journey.

Morton failed not to halt at the dwelling of Poundtext, and summon him to attend him to the camp. That honest divine had just resumed for an instant his pacific habits, and was perusing an ancient theological treatise, with a pipe in his mouth, and a small jug of ale beside him, to assist his digestion of the argument. It was with bitter ill-will that he relinquished these comforts (which he called his studies) in order to recommence a hard ride upon a high-trotting horse. However, when he knew the matter in hand, he gave up, with a deep groan, the prospect of spending a quiet evening in his own little parlour; for he entirely agreed with Morton that whatever interest Burley might have in rendering the breach between the presbyterians and the government irreconcilable, by put-

ting the young nobleman to death, it was by no means that of the moderate party to permit such an act of atrocity. And it is but doing justice to Mr Poundtext to add, that, like most of his own persuasion, he was decidedly averse to any such acts of unnecessary violence; besides, that his own present feelings induced him to listen with much complacency to the probability held out by Morton, of Lord Evandale becoming a mediator for the establishment of peace upon fair and moderate terms. With this similarity of views, they hastened their journey, and arrived about eleven o'clock at night at a small hamlet adjacent to the Castle of Tillietudlem, where Burley had established his head-quarters.

They were challenged by the centinel, who made his melancholy walk at the entrance of the hamlet, and admitted upon declaring their names and authority in the army. Another kept watch before a house which they conjectured to be the place of Lord Evandale's confinement, for a gibbet, of such great height as to be visible from the battlements of the Castle, was erected before it, in melancholy confirmation of the truth of Mrs Wilson's report. Morton instantly demanded to speak with Burley, and was directed to his quarters. They found him

reading the Scriptures with his arms lying beside him, as if ready for any sudden alarm. He started upon the entrance of his colleagues in office,

«What has brought ye hither?» said Burley, hastily. «Is there bad news from the army?»

«No,” replied Morton; «but we understand that there are measures adopted here in which the safety of the army is deeply concerned — Lord Evandale is your prisoner?»

«The Lord,” replied Burley, «hath delivered him into our hands.»

«And you will avail yourself of that advantage, granted you by Heaven, to dishonour our cause in the eyes of all the world, by putting a prisoner to an ignominious death?»

«If the house of Tillietudlem be not surrendered by daybreak,” replied Burley, «God do so to me and more also, if he shall not die that death to which his leader and patron, John Grahame of Claverhouse, hath put so many of God’s saints.»

«We are in arms,” replied Morton, «to put down such cruelties, and not to imitate them, far less to avenge upon the innocent the acts of the guilty. By what law can you justify the atrocity you would commit?»

“If thou art ignorant of it,” replied Burley, “thy companion is well aware of the law which gave the men of Jericho to the sword of Joshua, the son of Nun.”

“But we,” answered the divine, “live under a better dispensation, which instructeth us to return good for evil, and to pray for those who despitefully use us and persecute us.”

“That is to say,” said Burley, “that thou wilt join thy grey hairs to his green youth to controvert me in this matter?”

“We are,” rejoined Poundtext, “two of those to whom, jointly with thyself, authority is delegated over this host, and we will not permit thee to hurt a hair of the prisoner’s head. It may please God to make him a means of healing these unhappy breaches in our Israel.”

“I judged it would come to this,” answered Burley, “when such as thou wert called into the council of the elders.”

“Such as I?” answered Poundtext. — “And who am I, that you should name me with such scorn? — Have I not kept the flock of this sheep-fold from the wolves for thirty years? Ay, even while thou, John Balfour, were fighting in the ranks of uncircumcision, a Philistine

of hardened brow and bloody hand — Who am I, sayst thou?"

"I will tell thee what thou art, since thou wouldst so fain know," said Burley. "Thou art one of those who would reap where thou hast not sowed, and divide the spoil while others fight the battle — thou art one of those that follow the gospel for the loaves and for the fishes — that love their own manse better than the church of God, and that would rather draw their stipend under prelatists or heathens, than be a partaker with those noble spirits who have cast all behind them for the sake of the Covenant."

"And I will tell thee, John Balfour," returned Poundtext, deservedly incensed, "I will tell thee what *thou* art. Thou art one of those for whose bloody and merciless disposition a reproach is flung upon the whole church of this suffering kingdom, and for whose violence and blood-guiltiness, it is to be feared, this fair attempt to recover our civil and religious rights will never be honoured by Providence with the desired success."

"Gentlemen, said Morton, "cease this recrimination; and do you, Mr Balfour, inform us, whether it is your purpose to oppose the liberation of Lord Evandale, whish appears to us a

profitable measure in the present position of our affairs."

"You are here," answered Burley, "as two voices against one; but you will not refuse to tarry until the united council shall decide upon this matter?"

"This," said Morton, "we would not decline, if we could trust the hands in whom we are to leave the prisoner. But you know well," he added, looking sternly at Burley, "that you have already deceived me in this matter?"

"Go to," said Burley, disdainfully, — "thou art an idle inconsiderate boy, who, for the black eye-brows of a silly girl, would barter thy own faith and honour, and the cause of God and of thy country."

"Mr Balfour," said Morton, laying his hand on his sword, "this language requires satisfaction."

"And thou shalt have it, stripling, when and where thou darest," said Burley, "I plight thee my good word on it."

Poundtext, in his turn, interfered, to remind them of the madness of quarrelling, and effected with difficulty a sort of sullen reconciliation.

"Concerning the prisoner," said Burley, "deal with him as ye think fit. I wash my hands free

from all consequences. He is my prisoner, made by my sword and spear, while you, Mr Morton, were playing the adjutant at drills and parades, and you, Mr Poundtext, were warping the Scriptures into Erastianism. Take him unto you, nevertheless, and dispose of him as ye think meet. — Dingwall," he continued, calling a sort of aid-de-camp, who slept in the next apartment, "let the guard posted on the malignant Evandale give up their post to those whom Captain Morton shall appoint to relieve them. — The prisoner," he said, again addressing Poundtext and Morton, "is now at your disposal, gentlemen. But remember, that for all these things there will one day come a term of heavy accounting."

So saying, he turned abruptly into an inner apartment, without bidding them good evening. His two visitors, after a moment's consideration, agreed it would be prudent to ensure the prisoner's personal safety, by placing over him an additional guard, chosen from their own parishioners. A band of them happened to be stationed in the hamlet, having been attached, for the time, to Burley's command, in order that the men might be gratified by remaining as long as possible near to their own homes. They were, in general, smart, active young fellows, and

were usually called, by their companions, the Marksmen of Milnwood. By Morton's desire, four of these lads readily undertook the task of centinels, and he left with them Headrigg, on whose fidelity he could depend, with instructions to call him, if any thing remarkable happened.

This arrangement being made, Morton and his colleague took possession, for the night, of such quarters as the over-crowded and miserable hamlet could afford them. They did not, however, separate for repose ere they had drawn up a memorial of the grievances of the moderate presbyterians, which was summed up with a request of free toleration for their religion in future, and that they should be permitted to attend gospel ordinances as dispensed by their own clergymen, without oppression or molestation. Their petition proceeded to require that a free parliament should be called for settling the affairs of church and state, and for redressing the injuries sustained by the subject; and that all those who either now were, or had been in arms, for obtaining these ends, should be indemnified. Morton could not but strongly hope that these terms, which comprehended all that was wanted, or wished for, by the moderate party among the insurgents, might, when thus cleared of the violence of fanaticism, find advocates even among

the royalists, as claiming only the ordinary rights of Scottish freemen.

He had the more confidence of a favourable reception, that the Duke of Monmouth, to whom Charles had entrusted the charge of subduing this rebellion, was a man of gentle, moderate, and accessible disposition, well known to be favourable to the presbyterians, and invested by the king with full powers to take measures for quieting the disturbances in Scotland. It seemed to Morton, that all which was necessary for influencing him in their favour was to find a fit and sufficiently respectable channel of communication, and such seemed to be opened through the medium of Lord Evandale. He resolved, therefore, to visit the prisoner early on the morning, to sound his dispositions to undertake the task of mediator; but an accident happened which led him to anticipate his purpose.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

*Gi'e ower your house, lady, he said —
Gi'e ower your house to me.*

Edom of Gordon.

MORTON had finished the revisal and the making out a fair copy of the paper on which he and Poundtext had agreed to rest as a full statement of the grievances of their party, and the conditions on which the greater part of the insurgents would be contented to lay down their arms; and he was about to betake himself to repose, when there was a knocking at the door of his apartment.

“Enter,” said Morton; and the round bullet-head of Cuddie Headrigg was thrust into the room. “Come in,” said Morton, “and tell me what you want. Is there alarm?”

“Na, sir; but I hae brought ane to speak wi’ you.”

“Who is that, Cuddie?” enquired Morton.

“Ane o’ your auld acquaintance,” said Cuddie; and, opening the door more fully, he half led, half dragged in a woman, whose face was muffled in her plaid. — “Come, come, ye needna be sae bashfu’ before auld acquaintance, Jenny,” said Cuddie, pulling down the veil and discovering to his master the well-remembered countenance of Jenny Dennison. “Tell his honour now — there’s a braw lass — tell him what ye were wanting to say to Lord Evandale, mistress.”

“What was I wanting to say,” answered Jenny, “to his honour himsel the other morning, when I visited him in captivity, ye muckle hash? — D’ye think that folk dinna want to see their friends in adversity, ye dour croudy-eater?”

This reply was made with Jenny’s usual volubility; but her voice quivered, her cheek was thin and pale, the tears stood in her eyes, her hand trembled, her manner was fluttered, and her whole presence bore marks of recent suffering and privation, as well as of nervous and hysterical agitation.

“What is the matter, Jenny?” said Morton, kindly. “You know how much I owe you in

many respects, and can hardly make a request that I will not grant, if in my power."

"Mony thanks, Milnwood," said the weeping damsel; "but ye were aye a kind gentleman, though folk say ye hae become sair changed now."

"What do they say of me?" answered Morton.

"A' body says that you and the whigs hae made a vow to ding King Charles aff the throne, and that neither he, nor his posteriors from generation to generation, shall sit upon it ony mair; and John Gudyill says ye're to gi'e a' the church organs to the pipers, and burn the book o' Common Prayer by the hands of the common hangman, in revenge of the Covenant that was burnt when the king cam hame."

"My friends at Tillietudlem judge too hastily and too ill of me," answered Morton. "I wish to have free exercise of my own religion, without insulting any other; and, as to your family, I only desire an opportunity to shew them I have the same friendship and kindness as ever."

"Bless your kind heart for saying sae," said Jenny, bursting into a flood of tears; "and they never needed kindness or friendship mair, for they are famished for lack o' food."

“Good God!” replied Morton, “I heard of scarcity, but not of famine! Is it possible? — Have the ladies and the Major” —

“They hae suffered like the lave o’ us,” replied Jenny; “for they shared every bit and sup wi’ the whole folk in the Castle — I’m sure my poor e’en see fifty colours wi’ faintness, and my head’s sae dizzy wi’ the mirligoes that I canna stand my lane,”

The thinness of the poor girl’s cheek and the sharpness of her features bore witness to the truth of what she said. Morton was greatly shocked.

“Sit down,” he said, “for God’s sake!” forcing her into the only chair the apartment afforded, while he himself strode up and down the room in horror and impatience. “I knew not of this,” he exclaimed, in broken ejaculations. — “I could not know of it. — Cold-blooded, hard-hearted fanatic — deceitful villain! — Cuddie, fetch refreshments — food — wine, if possible — whatever you can find.”

“Whisky’s gude eneugh for her,” muttered Cuddie; “ane wadna hae thought that gude meal was sae scant amang them, when the quean threw sae muckle gude kail-brose scalding het about my lugs.”

Faint and miserable as Jenny seemed to be, she could not hear the allusion to her exploit during the storm of the Castle, without bursting into a laugh, which weakness soon converted into a hysterical giggle. Confounded at her state, and reflecting with horror on the distress which must have been in the Castle, Morton repeated his commands to Headrigg in a peremptory manner; and, when he had departed, endeavoured to sooth his visitor.

“You come, I suppose, by the orders of your mistress, to visit Lord Evandale? — Tell me what she desires; her order shall be my law.”

Jenny appeared to reflect a moment, and then said, “Your honour is sae auld a friend, I must needs trust to you, and tell the truth.”

“Be assured, Jenny,” said Morton, observing that she hesitated, “that you will best serve your mistress by dealing sincerely with me.”

“Weel, then, ye maun ken we’re starving, as I said before, and have been mair days than ane; and the Major has sworn that he expects relief daily, and that he will not gi’e ower the house to the enemy till we have eaten up his auld boots, — and they are unco thick in the soles, as ye may weel mind, forby being teugh in the upperleather. The dragoons, again, they

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think they will be forced to gi'e up at last, and they canna bide hunger weel, after the life they led at free quarters for this while bypast; and, since Lord Evandale's ta'en, there's nae guiding them, and Inglis says he'll gi'e up the garrison to the whigs, and the Major and the leddies into the bargain, if they will but let the troopers gang free themsels."

"Scoundrels!" said Morton; "why do they not make terms for all in the Castle?"

"They are fear'd for want o' quarter to themsels, having done sae muckle mischief through the country, and Burley has hanged ane or twa o' them already — sae they want to draw their ain necks out o' the collar at hazard o' honest folks'."

"And you were sent," continued Morton, "to carry to Lord Evandale the unpleasant news of the men's mutiny?"

"Just e'en sae," said Jenny; "Tam Halliday took the rue, and tauld me a' about it, and gat me out o' the Castle to tell Lord Evandale, if possibly I could win at him."

"But how can he help you? he is a prisoner."

"Well-a-day, ay," answered the afflicted damsel; "but maybe he could make fair terms

for us — or, maybe, he could gi'e us some gude advice — or, maybe, he might send his orders to the dragoons to be civil — or" —

«Or, maybe," said Morton, «you were to try if it were possible to set him at liberty?"

«If it were sae," answered Jenny with spirit, «it wadna be the first time I hae done my best to serve ane in captivity."

«True, Jenny, I were most ungrateful to forget it. But here comes Cuddie with refreshments — I will go and do your errand to Lord Evandale, while you take some food and wine."

«It willna be amiss ye should ken," said Cuddie to his master, «that this Jenny — this Mrs Dennison, was trying to cuittle favour wi' Tam Rand, the miller's man, to win into Lord Evandale's room without ony body kenning. She wasna aware, the gipsey, that I was at her elbow."

«And an unco fright ye gae me when ye cam ahint and took a grip o' me" said Jenny, giving him a sly twitch with her finger and her thumb — «if ye hadna been an auld acquaintance, ye daft gomeril" — —

Cuddie, somewhat relenting, grinned a smile on his artful mistress, while Morton wrapped

himself up in his cloak, took his sword under his arm, and went straight to the place of the young nobleman's confinement. He asked the centinels if any thing extraordinary had occurred.

"Nothing worth notice," they said, "excepting the lass that Cuddie took up, and two couriers that Captain Balfour had dispatched, one to the Reverend Ephraim Macbriar, another to Kettledrummle, both of whom were beating the drum ecclesiastic in different towns between the position of Burley and the head-quarters of the main army near Hamilton."

"The purpose, I presume," said Morton, with an affectation of indifference, "was to call them hither?"

"So I understand," answered the centinel, who had spoke with the messengers.

"He is summoning a triumphant majority of the council," thought Morton to himself, "for the purpose of sanctioning whatever action of atrocity he may determine upon, and thwarting opposition by authority. I must be speedy, or I shall lose my opportunity."

When he entered the place of Lord Evandale's confinement, he found him ironed, and reclining on a flock-bed in the wretched garret of a

miserable cottage. He was either in a slumber, or in deep meditation, when Morton entered, and turned on him, when aroused, a countenance so much reduced by loss of blood, want of sleep, and scarcity of food, that no one could have recognized in it the gallant soldier who had behaved with so much spirit at the skirmish of Loudon-hill. He displayed some surprise at the sudden entrance of Morton.

“I am sorry to see you thus, my lord,” said that youthful leader.

“I have heard you are an admirer of poetry,” answered the prisoner; “in that case, Mr Morton, you may remember these lines —

“Stone walls do not a prison make,
Or iron bars a cage;
A free and quiet mind can take
These for a hermitage.”

“But, were my imprisonment less endurable, I am given to expect to-morrow a total enfranchisement.”

“By death?” said Morton.

“Surely,” answered Lord Evandale; “I have no other prospect. Your comrade, Burley, has already dipped his hand in the blood of men whose

meanness of rank and obscurity of extraction might have saved them. I cannot boast such a shield from his vengeance! and expect to meet it."

"But Major Bellenden," said Morton, "may surrender, in order to preserve your life."

"Never while there is one man to defend the battlement, and that man has one crust to eat. I know his gallant resolution, and grieved I should be if he changed it for my sake."

Morton hastened to acquaint him with the mutiny among the dragoons, and their resolution to surrender the Castle, and put the ladies of the family, as well as the Major, into the hands of the enemy. Lord Evandale seemed at first surprised, and something incredulous, but immediately afterwards deeply affected.

"What is to be done?" he said — "How is this misfortune to be averted?"

"Hear me, my lord," said Morton. "I believe you may not be unwilling to bear the olive-branch between our master the king, and that part of his subjects which is now in arms, not from choice, but necessity."

"You construe me but justly," said Lord Evandale; "but to what does this tend?"

“Permit me, my lord” — continued Morton, “I will set you at liberty upon parole; nay, you may return to the garrison, and shall have a safe conduct for the ladies, the Major, and all who leave it, on condition of its instant surrender. In doing this you will only submit to circumstances; for, with a mutiny in the garrison, and without provisions, it will be found impossible to defend the place twenty-four hours longer. Those, therefore, who refuse to accompany your Lordship, must take their fate. You and your followers shall have a free pass to Edinburgh, or wherever the Duke of Monmouth may be. In return for your liberty, we hope that you will recommend to the notice of his Grace, as Lieutenant-General of Scotland, this humble petition and remonstrance, containing the grievances which have occasioned this insurrection, a redress of which being granted, I will answer with my head, that the great body of the insurgents will lay down their arms.”

Lord Evandale read over the paper with attention.

“Mr Morton,” he said, “in my own simple judgment, I see little objection that can be made to the measures here recommended; nay, farther, I believe, in many respects, they may meet the private sentiments of the Duke of Mon-

mouth; and yet, to deal frankly with you, I have no hopes of their being granted, unless, in the first place, you were to lay down your arms."

"The doing so," answered Morton, "would be virtually conceding that we had no right to take them up; and that, for one, I will never agree to."

"Perhaps it is hardly to be expected you should," said Lord Evandale; "and yet, on that point, I am certain the negociations will be wrecked. I am willing, however, having frankly told you my opinion, to do all in my power to bring about a reconciliation."

"It is all we can wish or expect," replied Morton; "the issue is in God's hands, who disposes the hearts of princes. — You accept then the safe conduct?"

"Certainly," answered Lord Evandale; "and if I do not enlarge upon the obligation incurred by your having saved my life a second time, believe that I do not feel it the less."

"And the garrison at Tillietudlem?"

"Shall be withdrawn as you propose. I am sensible the Major will be unable to bring the mutineers to reason, and I tremble to think of

the consequences should the ladies and the brave old man be delivered up to this blood-thirsty ruffian Burley."

"You are in that case free," said Morton. "Prepare to mount on horseback; a few men whom I can trust shall attend you till you are in safety from our parties."

Leaving Lord Evandale in great surprise and joy at his unexpected deliverance, Morton hastened to get a few chosen men under arms and on horseback, each rider holding the rein of a spare horse. Jenny, who, while she partook of her refreshment, had contrived to make up her breach with Cuddie, rode on the left hand of that valiant cavalier. The tramp of their horses was soon heard under the window of Lord Evandale's prison. Two men whom he did not know entered the apartment, disencumbered him of his fetters, and, conducting him down stairs, mounted him in the centre of the detachment. They set out at a round trot towards Tillietudlem.

The moonlight was giving way to the dawn when they approached that ancient fortress, and its dark massive tower had just received the first pale colouring of the morning. The party halted at the Tower barrier, not venturing to approach nearer for fear of the fire of the place.

Lord Evandale alone rode up to the gate, followed at a distance by Jenny Dennison. As they approached the gate, there was heard to arise in the court-yard a tumult which accorded ill with the quiet serenity of a summer dawn. Cries and oaths were heard, a pistol-shot or two were discharged, and every thing announced that the mutiny had broken out. At this crisis Lord Evandale arrived at the gate where Halliday was sentinel. This man had given a reluctant consent to the conspiracy, and had indeed contrived the means by which Jenny escaped from the Castle to communicate the plot to his officer. On hearing Lord Evandale's voice, he instantly and gladly admitted him, and he arrived among the mutinous troopers like a man dropped from the clouds. They were in the act of putting their design into execution, of seizing the place into their own hands, and were about to disarm and overpower Major Bellenden, and Harrison, and others of the Castle, who were offering the best resistance in their power.

The appearance of Lord Evandale changed the scene. He seized Inglis by the collar, and, upbraiding him with his villainy, ordered two of his comrades to seize and bind him, assuring the others, that their only chance of impunity consisted in instant submission. He then or-

dered the men into their ranks. They obeyed. He commanded them to ground their arms. They hesitated; but the instinct of discipline, joined to their persuasion that the authority of their officer, so boldly exerted, must be supported by some forces without the gate, induced them to submit.

“Take away those arms,” said Lord Evandale to the people of the Castle; “they shall not be restored until these men know better the use for which they are entrusted with them. — And now,” he continued, addressing the mutineers, “begone — Make the best use of your time, and of a truce of three hours, which the enemy are contented to allow you. Take the road to Edinburgh, and meet me at the House-of-Muir. I need not bid you beware of committing violence by the way; you will not, in your present condition, provoke resentment for your own sakes. Let your punctuality shew that you mean to atone for this morning’s business.”

The disarmed soldiers shrunk in silence from the presence of their officer, and, leaving the Castle, took the road to the place of rendezvous, making such haste as was inspired by the fear of meeting with some detached party of the insurgents, whom their present defenceless condition, and their former violence, might in-

spire with thoughts of revenge. Inglis, whom Evandale destined for punishment, remained in custody. Halliday was praised for his conduct, and assured of succeeding to the rank of the culprit. These arrangements being hastily made, Lord Evandale accosted the Major, before whose eyes the scene had seemed to pass like the change of a dream.

“My dear Major, we must give up the place.”

“Is it even so?” said Major Bellenden “I was in hopes you had brought reinforcements and supplies.”

“Not a man — not a pound of meal,” answered Lord Evandale.

“Yet I am blithe to see you,” returned the honest Major; “we were informed yesterday that these psalm-singing rascals had a plot on your life, and I had mustered the scoundrelly dragoons ten minutes ago in order to beat up Burley’s quarters and get you out of limbo, when the dog Inglis, instead of obeying me, broke out into open mutiny. — But what is to be done now?”

“I have myself no choice,” said Lord Evandale, “I am a prisoner, released on parole, and bound for Edinburgh. You and the ladies

must take the same route. I have, by the favour of a friend, a safe conduct and horses for you and your retinue — for God's sake, make haste — you cannot propose to hold out with seven or eight men and without provisions — Enough has been done for honour, and enough to render the defence of the highest consequence to government. More were needless as well as desperate. The English troops are arrived at Edinburgh, and will speedily move upon Hamilton. The possession of Tillietudlem by the rebels will be but temporary."

"If you think so, my Lord," said the veteran, with a reluctant sigh, "I know you only advise what is honourable — I must submit; for the mutiny of these scoundrels would render it impossible to man the walls. — Gudyill, let the women call up their mistresses, and all be ready to march — But if I thought my remaining in these old walls, till I was starved to a mummy, could do the King's cause the least service, old Miles Bellenden would not leave them while there was a spark of life in his body."

The ladies, already alarmed by the mutiny, now heard the determination of the Major, in which they readily acquiesced. Hasty preparations were made for evacuating the Castle; and long ere the dawn was distinct enough for dis-

covering objects with precision, they were mounted on the led horses, and others which had been provided in the neighbourhood, and proceeded towards the north, still escorted by four of the insurgent horsemen. The rest of the party who had accompanied Lord Evandale from the hamlet, took possession of the deserted Castle, carefully forbearing all outrage or acts of plunder. And, when the sun arose, the scarlet and blue colours of the Scottish Covenant floated from the Keep of Tillietudlem.

CHAPTER XXIX.

*And, to my breast, a bodkin in her hand,
Were worth a thousand daggers.*

Marlow.

THE cavalcade which left the Castle of Tillietudlem halted a few minutes, after passing the outposts of the insurgents, to take some slight refreshments which their attendants had provided, and which were really necessary to persons who had suffered considerably by want of proper nourishment. They then pressed forward upon the road towards Edinburgh. It might have been expected, during the course of the journey, that Lord Evandale would have been frequently by the side of Miss Edith Bellenden. Yet, after his first salutations had been exchanged, and

every precaution solicitously adopted which could serve for her accommodation, he rode in the van of the party with Major Bellenden, and seemed to abandon the charge of immediate attendance upon his lovely niece to one of the insurgent cavaliers, whose dark military cloak, large flapped hat and feather, which drooped over his face, concealed at once his figure and his features. They rode side by side in silence for more than two miles, when the stranger addressed Miss Bellenden in a tremulous and suppressed voice.

“Miss Bellenden,” he said, “must have friends wherever she is known; even among those whose conduct she now disapproves. Is there any thing that such can do to shew their respect for her, and their regret for her sufferings?”

“Let them learn for their own sakes,” replied Edith, “to venerate the laws and to spare innocent blood — Let them return to their allegiance, and I can forgive them all that I have suffered, were it ten times more.”

“You think it impossible then,” rejoined the cavalier, “for any one to serve in our ranks having the weal of his country sincerely at heart, and conceiving himself in the discharge of a patriotic duty?”

“It might be imprudent, while so absolutely in your power,” replied Miss Bellenden, “to answer that question.”

“Not in the present instance, I plight you the word of soldier,” replied the horseman.

“I have been taught candour from my birth,” said Edith; “and, if I am to speak at all, I must utter my real sentiments. God only can judge the heart — men must estimate intentions by actions. Treason, murder by the sword and by gibbet, the oppression of a private family such as ours, who were only in arms for the defence of our own property, are actions which must needs sully all that have accession to them, by whatever specious terms they may be gilded over.”

“The guilt of civil war,” rejoined the horseman — “the miseries which it brings in its train, lie at the door of those who provoked it by illegal oppression, rather than of such as are driven to arms in order to assert their natural rights as freemen.”

“That is assuming the question,” replied Edith, “which ought to be proved; each party contends that they are right in point of principle, and therefore the guilt must lie with them who first

drew the sword, as, in an affray, law holds those to be the criminals who are the first to have recourse to violence."

"Alas!" said the horseman, "were our vindication to rest there, how easy would it be to shew that we have suffered with a patience which almost seemed beyond the power of humanity, ere we were driven by oppression into open resistance! — But I perceive," he continued, sighing deeply, "that it is vain to plead before Miss Bellenden a cause which she has already prejudged, perhaps as much from her dislike of the persons as of the principles of those engaged in it."

"Pardon me," answered Edith; "I have stated with freedom my opinion of the principles of the insurgents; of their persons I know nothing — excepting in one solitary instance."

"And that instance," said the horseman, "has influenced your opinion of the whole body?"

"Far from it," said Edith, "he is — at least I once thought him, one in whose scale few were fit to be weighed — he is — or he seemed — one of early talent, high faith, pure morality, and warm affections. Can I approve of a rebellion which has made such a man, formed to orna-

ment, to enlighten, and to defend his country, the companion of gloomy and ignorant fanatics, or canting hypocrites, — the leader of brutal clowns, — the brother-in-arms to banditti and highway murderers? — Should you meet such a one in your camp, tell him that Edith Bellen-den has wept more over his fallen character, blighted prospects, and dishonoured name, than over the distresses of her own house, — and that she has better endured that famine which has wasted her cheek and dimmed her eye, than the pang of heart which attended the reflection by and through whom these calamities were inflicted.”

As she thus spoke, she turned upon her companion a countenance whose faded cheek attested the reality of her sufferings, even while it glowed with the temporary animation which accompanied her language. The horseman was not insensible to the appeal; he raised his hand to his brow with the sudden motion of one who feels a pang shoot along his brain, passed it hastily over his face, and then pulled the shadowing hat still deeper on his forehead. The movement and the feelings which it excited did not escape Edith, nor did she remark them without emotion.

“And yet,” she said, “should the person of whom I speak seem to you too deeply affected

by the hard opinion of — of — an early friend, say to him, that sincere repentance is next to innocence; — that, though fallen from a height not easily recovered, and the author of much mischief, because gilded by his example, he may still atone in some measure for the evil he has done."

"And in what manner?" asked the cavalier, in the same suppressed, and almost choked voice.

"By lending his efforts to restore the blessings of peace to his distracted countrymen, and to induce the deluded rebels to lay down their arms. By saving their blood, he may atone for that which has been already spilt; — and that shall be most active in accomplishing this great end, will best deserve the thanks of this age, and an honoured remembrance in the next."

"And in such a peace," said her companion, with a firm voice, "Miss Bellenden would not wish, I think, that the interests of the people were sacrificed unreservedly to those of the crown."

"I am but a girl," was the young lady's reply, "and I scarce can speak on the subject without presumption. But, since I have gone so far, I

will fairly add, I would wish to see a peace which should give rest to all parties, and secure the subjects from military rapine, which I detest as much as I do the means now adopted to resist it."

"Miss Bellenden," answered Henry Morton, raising his face, and speaking in his natural tone, "the person who has lost such a highly-valued place in your esteem, has yet too much spirit to plead his cause as a criminal, and, conscious that he can no longer claim a friend's interest in your bosom, he would be silent under your harsh censure, were it not that he can refer to the honoured testimony of Lord Evandale, that his earnest wishes and most active exertions are, even now, directed to the accomplishment of such a peace as the most loyal cannot censure."

He bowed with dignity to Miss Bellenden, who, though her language intimated that she well knew to whom she had been speaking, probably had not expected that he would justify himself with so much animation. She returned his salute, confused and in silence. Morton then rode forward to the head of the party.

"Henry Morton," exclaimed Major Bellenden, surprised at the sudden apparition.

“The same,” answered Morton; “who is sorry that he labours under the harsh construction of Major Bellenden and his family. He commits to my Lord Evandale,” he continued, turning towards the young nobleman, and bowing to him, “the charge of undeceiving his friends both regarding the particulars of his conduct and the purity of his motives. Farewell, Major Bellenden — All happiness attend you and yours — May we meet again in happier and better times.”

“Believe me,” said Lord Evandale, “your confidence, Mr Morton, is not misplaced; I will endeavour to repay the great services I have received from you by doing my best to place your character on its proper footing with Major Bellenden, and all whose esteem you value.”

“I expected no less from your generosity, my lord,” said Morton,

He then called his followers, and rode off along the heath in the direction of Hamilton, their feathers waving, and their steel caps glancing in the sun. Cuddie Headrigg alone remained an instant behind his companions to take an affectionate farewell of Jenny Dennison, who had contrived, during this short morning's ride, to reestablish her influence over his susceptible bosom. A straggling tree or two obscured,

rather than concealed, their *tête-à-tête*, as they halted their horses to bid adieu.

“Fare ye weel, Jenny,” said Cuddie, with a loud exertion of his lungs, intended perhaps to be a sigh, but rather resembling the intonation of a groan, — “Ye’ll think o’ puir Cuddie sometimes — an honest lad that lo’es ye, Jenny; ye’ll think o’ him now and then?”

“Whiles — at brose-time,” answered the malicious damsel, unable either to suppress the repartee or the arch smile which attended it.

Cuddie took his revenge as rustic lovers are wont, and as Jenny probably expected, — caught his mistress round the neck, kissed her cheeks and lips heartily, and then turned his horse and trotted after his master.

“De’il’s in the fallow,” said Jenny, wiping her lips and adjusting her head-dress, “he has twice the spunk o’ Tam Halliday, after a’. — Coming, my leddy, coming — Lord have a care o’ us, I trust the auld leddy didna see us!”

“Jenny,” said Lady Margaret, as the damsel came up, “was not that young man who commanded the party the same that was captain of the popinjay, and who was afterwards prisoner

at Tillietudlem on the mornig Claverhouse came there?"

Jenny, happy that the query had no reference to her own little matters, looked at her young mistress, to discover, is possible, whether it was her cue to speak truth or not. Not being able to catch any hint to guide her, she followed her instinct as a lady's-maid, and lied.

"I dinna believe it was him, my leddy," said Jenny, as confidently as if she had been saying her catechism; "he was a little black man, that."

"You must have been blind, Jenny," said the Major; "Henry Morton is tall and fair, and that youth is the very man."

"I had ither thing ado than be looking at him," said Jenny, tossing her head; "he may be as fair as a farthing candle, for me."

"Is it not," said Lady Margaret, "a blessed escape which we have made, out of the hands of so desperate and blood-thirsty a fanatic?"

"You dare deceived, madam," said Lord Evandale; "Mr Morton merits such a title from no one, but least from us. That I am now alive, and that you are now on your safe retreat

to your friends, instead of being prisoners to a real fanatical homicide, is solely and entirely owing to the prompt, active, and energetic humanity of this young gentleman."

He then went into a particular narrative of the events with which the reader is acquainted, dwelling upon the merits of Morton, and expatiating on the risk at which he had rendered them these important services, as if he had been a brother instead of a rival.

"I were worse than ungrateful," he said, "were I silent on the merits of the man who has twice saved my life."

"I would willingly think well of Henry Morton, my Lord," replied Major Bellenden; "and I own he has behaved hand-somely to your Lordship and to us; but I cannot have the same allowances which it pleases your Lordship to entertain for his present courses."

"You are to consider," replied Lord Evandale, "that he has been partly forced upon them by necessity; and I must add, that his principles, though differing in some degree from my own, are such as ought to command respect. Claverhouse, whose knowledge of men is not to be disputed, spoke justly of him as to his extra-

ordinary qualities, but with prejudice, and harshly, concerning his principles and motives."

"You have not been long in learning all his good qualities, my Lord," answered Major Bellenden. "I, who have known him from boyhood, could, before this affair, have said much of his good principles and good-nature; but as to his high talents" —

"They were probably hidden, Major, even from himself, until circumstances called them forth; and, if I have detected them, it was only because our intercourse and conversation turned on momentous and important subjects. He is now labouring to bring this rebellion to an end, and the terms he has proposed are so moderate, that they shall not want my hearty recommendation."

"And have you hopes;" said Lady Margaret, "to accomplish a scheme so comprehensive?"

"I should be, madam, were every whig as moderate as Morton, and every loyalist as disinterested as Major Bellenden. But such is the fanaticism of both parties, that I fear nothing will end this civil war save the edge of the sword."

It may be readily supposed, that Edith listened with the deepest interest to this conversa-

tion. While she regretted that she had expressed herself harshly and hastily to her lover, she felt a conscious and proud satisfaction that his character was, even in the judgment of his generous rival, such as her own affection had once spoke it.

“Civil feuds and domestic prejudices,” she said, “may render it necessary for me to tear his remembrance from my heart, but it is no small relief to know assuredly, that it is worthy of the place it has so long retained.”

While Edith was thus retracting her unjust resentment, her lover arrived at the camp of the insurgents, near Hamilton, which he found in considerable confusion. Certain advices had arrived that the royal army, having received the recruits which they expected from England, were about to take the field. Fame magnified their numbers and their high state of equipment and discipline, and spread abroad other circumstances which dismayed the courage of the insurgents. What favour they might have expected from Monmouth, was likely to be intercepted by the influence of those associated with him in command. His Lieutenant-general was the celebrated General Thomas Dalzell, who, having practised the art of war in the then barbarous

country of Russia, was as much feared for his cruelty and indifference to human life and human sufferings, as respected for his steady loyalty and undaunted valour. This man was second in command to Monmouth, and the horse were commanded by Claverhouse, burning with desire to revenge the death of his nephew, and his defeat at Drumclog. To these accounts were added the most formidable and terrific description of the train of artillery and the cavalry force with which the royal army took the field; and every rumour tended to increase the apprehension among the insurgents, that the king's vengeance had only been delayed in order that it might fall more certain and more heavy.

Morton endeavoured to fortify the minds of the common people by pointing out the probable exaggeration of the reports, and by reminding them of the strength of their own situation, with an unfordable river in front, only passable by a long and narrow bridge. He called to their remembrance their victory over Claverhouse when their numbers were few, and then much worse disciplined and appointed for battle than now, shewed them that the ground afforded, by its undulation and the thickets which intersected it, considerable protection against artillery, and even against cavalry, if stoutly defended; and

that their safety, in fact, depended on their own spirit and resolution.

But while Morton thus endeavoured to keep up the courage of the army at large, he availed himself of these discouraging rumours to endeavour to impress on the minds of the leaders the necessity of proposing to the government moderate terms of accommodation, while they were still formidable as commanding an unbroken and numerous army. He pointed out to them, that, in the present humour of their followers, it could hardly be expected that they would engage, with advantage, the well-appointed and regular force of the Duke of Monmouth; and that, if they chanced to be defeated and dispersed, the insurrection in which they had engaged, so far from being useful to the country, would be rendered the apology for oppressing it more severely. Pressed by these arguments, and feeling it equally dangerous to remain together, or to dismiss their forces, most of the leaders readily agreed, that if such terms could be obtained as had been transmitted to the Duke of Monmouth by the hands of Lord Evandale, the purpose for which they had taken up arms would be, in a great measure, accomplished. They then entered into similar resolutions, and agreed to guarantee the petition

and remonstrance which had been drawn up by Morton. On the contrary, there were still several leaders, and those men whose influence with the people exceeded that of persons of more apparent consequence, who treated every proposal of treaty which did not proceed on the basis of the Solemn League and Covenant of 1640, as utterly null and void, impious and unchristian. These men diffused their feelings among the multitude, who had little foresight, and nothing to lose, and persuaded many that the timid counsellors who recommended peace upon terms short of the dethronement of the royal family, and the declared independence of the church with respect to the state, were cowardly labourers, who were about to withdraw their hands from the plough, and despicable trimmers, who sought only a specious pretext for deserting their brethren in arms. These contradictory opinions were fiercely argued in each tent of the insurgent army, or rather in the huts and cabins which served in the place of tents. Violence in language often led to open quarrels and blows, and the divisions into which the army of sufferers was rent served as too plain a presage of their future fate.

CHAPTER XXX.

*The curse of growing factions and divisions
Still vex your councils! —*

Venice Preserved.

THE prudence of Morton found sufficient occupation in stemming the furious current of these contending parties, when, two days after his return to Hamilton, he was visited by his friend and colleague, the Reverend Mr Poundtext, flying, as he presently found, from the face of John Balfour of Burley, whom we left not a little incensed at the share he had taken in the liberation of Lord Evandale. When the worthy divine had somewhat recruited his spirits, after the hurry and fatigue of his journey, he proceeded to give Morton an account of what had passed in the vicinity of Tillietudlem after the memorable morning of his departure.

The night march of Morton had been accomplished with such dexterity, and the men were so faithful to their trust, that Burley received no intelligence of what had happened until the morning was far advanced. His first enquiry was, whether Macbriar and Kettledrummle had arrived, agreeably to the summons which he had dispatched at midnight. Macbriar had come, and Kettledrummle, though a heavy traveller, might, he was informed, be instantly expected. Burley then dispatched a messenger to Morton's quarters to summon him to an immediate council. The messenger returned with news that he had left the place. Poundtext was next summoned; but he thinking, as he said himself, that it was ill dealing with fractious folk, had withdrawn to his own quiet manse, preferring a dark ride, though he had been on horseback the whole preceding day, to a renewal in the morning of a controversy with Burley, whose ferocity overawed him when unsupported by the firmness of Morton. Burley's next enquiries were directed after Lord Evandale; and great was his rage when he learned that he had been conveyed away over night by a party of the marksmen of Milnwood, under the immediate command of Henry Morton himself.

«The villain!» exclaimed Burley, addressing himself to Macbriar; «the base, mean-spirited

traitor, to curry favour for himself with the government, hath set at liberty the prisoner taken by my own right hand, through means of whom, I have little doubt, the possession of the place of strength which hath wrought us such trouble, might now have been in our hands!"

"But is it not in our hands?" said Macbriar, looking up towards the Keep of the Castle; "and are not these the colours of the Covenant that float over its walls?"

"A stratagem — a mere trick," said Burley, "an insult over our disappointment, intended to aggravate and embitter our spirits."

He was interrupted by the arrival of one of Morton's followers sent to report to him the evacuation of the place, and its occupation by the insurgent forces. Burley was rather driven to fury than reconciled by the news of this success.

"I have watched," he said — "I have fought — I have plotted — I have striven for the reduction of this place — I have forborn to seek to head enterprises of higher command and of higher honour — I have narrowed their outgoings, and cut off the springs, and broken the staff of bread within their walls; and when the men were about to yield themselves to my hand,

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that their sons might be bondsmen, and their daughters a laughing-stock to our whole camp, cometh this youth, without a beard on his chin, and takes it on him to thrust his sickle into the harvest, and to rend the prey from the spoiler! Surely the labourer is worthy of his hire, and the city, with its captives, should be given to him that wins it."

"Nay," said Macbriar, who was surprised at the degree of agitation which Balfour displayed, "chafe not thyself because of the ungodly. Heaven will use its own instruments; and who knows but this youth." —

"Hush! hush!" said Burley; "do not discredit thine own better judgment. It was thou that first badest me beware of this painted sepulchre — this lacquered piece of copper, that passed current with me for gold. It fares ill, even with the elect, when they neglect the guidance of such pious pastors as thou. But our carnal affections will mislead us — this ungrateful boy's father was mine ancient friend. They must be as earnest in their struggles as thou, Ephraim Macbriar, that would shake themselves clear of the clogs and chains of humanity."

This compliment touched the preacher in the most sensible part; and Burley deemed, there-

fore, he should find little difficulty in moulding his opinions to the support of his own views, more especially as they agreed exactly in their opinions of church government.

“Let us instantly,” he said, “go up to the Tower; there is that among the records in yonder fortress, which, well used as I can use it, shall be worth to us a valiant leader and an hundred horsemen.”

“But will these be of the children of the Covenant?” said the preacher, “We have already among us too many who hunger after lands and silver and gold rather than after the Word; it is not by such that our deliverance shall be wrought out.”

“Thou errest,” said Burley; “we must work by means, and these worldly men shall be our instruments. At all events, the Moabitish woman shall be despoiled of her inheritance, and neither the malignant Evandale, nor the Erastian Morton, shall possess yonder Castle and lands, though they may seek in marriage the daughter thereof.”

So saying, he led the way to Tillietudlem, where he seized upon the plate and other valuables for the use of the army, ransacked the charter room, and other receptacles for family

papers, and treated with contempt the remonstrances of those who reminded him, that the terms granted to the garrison had guaranteed respect to private property.

Burley and Macbriar, having established themselves in their new acquisition, were joined by Kettledrummle in the course of the day, and also by the Laird of Langcale, whom that active divine had contrived to seduce, as Poundtext termed it, from the pure light in which he had been brought up. Thus united, they sent to the said Poundtext an invitation, or rather a summons, to attend a council at Tillietudlem. He remembered, however, that the door had an iron grate, and the Keep a dungeon, and resolved not to trust himself with his incensed colleagues. He therefore retreated, or rather fled, to Hamilton, with the tidings, that Burley, Macbriar, and Kettledrummle, were coming to Hamilton as soon as they could collect a body of Cameronians sufficient to overawe the rest of the army.

“And ye see,” concluded Poundtext, with a deep sigh, “that they will then possess a majority in the council; for Langcale, though he has always passed for one of the honest and rational party, cannot be suitably or preceesely termed either fish, or flesh, or gude red-her-

ring — whoever has the stronger party has Langcale."

Thus concluded the heavy narrative of honest Mr Poundtext, who sighed deeply, as he considered the danger in which he was placed betwixt unreasonable adversaries amongst themselves and the common enemy from without. Morton exhorted him to patience, temper, and composure; informed him of the good hope he had of negotiating for peace and indemnity through means of Lord Evandale, and made out to him a very fair prospect that he should again return to his own parchment-bound Calvin, his evening pipe of tobacco, and his noggin of inspiring ale, providing always he would afford his strong support and concurrence to the measures which he, Morton, had taken for a general pacification. Thus backed and comforted, Poundtext resolved magnanimously to await the coming of the Cameronians.

Burley and his confederates had drawn together a considerable body of these sectaries, amounting to a hundred horse and about fifteen hundred foot, clouded and severe in aspect, morose and jealous in communication, haughty of heart, and confident, as men who believed that the pale of salvation was open for them exclusively; that all other Christians, however slight

were the shades of difference of doctrine from their own, were in fact little better than outcasts and reprobates. These men entered the presbyterian camp, rather as dubious and suspicious allies, or possibly antagonists, than as men who were heartily embarked in the same cause, and exposed to the same dangers. Burley made no private visit to his colleagues, and held no communication with them on the subject of the public affairs, otherwise than by sending a dry invitation to them to attend a meeting of the general council for that evening.

On the arrival of Morton and Poundtext at the place of assembly, they found their brethren already seated. Slight greeting passed between them, and it was easy to see that no amicable conference was intended by those who convoked the council. The first question was put by Macbriar, the sharp eagerness of whose zeal urged him to the van on all occasions. He desired to know by whose authority the malignant, called Lord Evandale, had been freed from the doom of death, justly denounced against him.

“By my authority and Mr Morton’s,” replied Poundtext, who, besides being anxious to give his companion a good opinion of his courage, confided heartily in his support, and, moreover, had much less fear of encountering one

of his own profession, and who confined himself to the weapons of theological controversy, in which Poundtext feared no man, than of entering into debate with the stern homicide Balfour.

“And who, brother,” said Kettledrummle, “who gave you commission to interpose in such a high matter?”

“The tenor of our commission,” answered Poundtext, “gives us authority to bind and to loose. If Lord Evandale was justly doomed to die by the voice of one of our number, he was of a surety lawfully redeemed from death by the warrant of two of us.”

“Go to, go to,” said Burley; “we know your motives; it was to send that silk-worm — that gilded trinket — that embroidered trifle of a Lord, to bear terms of peace to the tyrant.”

“It was so,” replied Morton, who saw his companion begin to flinch before the fierce eye of Balfour — “it was so; and was then? — Are we to plunge the nation in endless war, in order to pursue schemes which are equally wild, wicked, and unattainable?”

“Hear him!” said Balfour; “he blasphemeth.”

“It is false,” said Morton; “they blaspheme who pretend to expect miracles, and neglect the use of the human means with which Providence has blessed them. I repeat it — Our avowed object is the re-establishment of peace on fair and honourable terms of security to our religion and our liberty. We disclaim any desire to tyrannize over those of others.”

The debate would now have run higher than ever, but they were interrupted by intelligence that the Duke of Monmouth had commenced his march towards the west, and was already advanced half way from Edinburgh. This news silenced their divisions for the moment, and it was agreed that the next day should be held as a fast of general humiliation for the sins of the land; that the Reverend Mr Poundtext should preach to the army in the mornig, and Kettle-drummle in the afternoon; that neither should touch upon any topics of schism or of division, but animate the soldiers to resist to the blood, like brethren in a good cause. This healing overture having been agreed to, the moderate party ventured upon another proposal, confiding that it would have the support of Langcale, who looked extremely blank at the news which they had just received, and might be supposed reconverted to moderate measures. It was to be

presumed, they said, that since the King had not entrusted the command of his forces upon the present occasion to any of their active oppressors, but, on the contrary, had employed a man of gentle temper, and of a disposition favourable to their cause, there must be some better intention entertained towards them than they had yet experienced. They contended, that it was not only prudent but necessary to ascertain, from a communication with the Duke of Monmouth, whether he was not charged with some secret instructions in their favour. This could only be learned by dispatching an envoy to his army.

“And who will undertake the task?” said Burley, evading a proposal too reasonable to be openly resisted — “Who will go up to their camp, knowing that Grahame of Claverhouse hath sworn to hang up whomsoever we shall dispatch towards them, in revenge of the death of the young man his nephew?”

“Let that be no obstacle,” said Morton; “I will with pleasure encounter any risk attached to the bearer of your errand.”

“Let him go,” said Balfour, apart to Macbriar; “our councils will be well rid of his presence.”

The motion, therefore, received no contradiction even from those who were expected to have been most active in opposing it, and it was agreed that Henry Morton should go to the camp of the Duke of Monmouth, in order to discover upon what terms the insurgents would be admitted to treat with him. As soon as his errand was made known, several of the more moderate party joined in requesting him to make terms upon the footing of the petition entrusted to Lord Evandale's hands; for the approach of the King's army spread a general trepidation, by no means allayed by the high tone assumed by the Cameronians, which had so little to support it, excepting their own headlong zeal. With these instructions, and with Cuddie as his attendant, Morton set forth towards the royal camp at all the risks which attend those who assume the office of mediator during the heat of civil discord.

Morton had not proceeded six or seven miles, before he perceived that he was on the point of falling in with the van of the royal forces; and, as he ascended a height, saw all the roads in the neighbourhood occupied by armed men marching in great order towards Bothwell-muir, an open common, on which they proposed to encamp for that evening, at the distance of

about two miles from the Clyde, on the farther side of which river the army of the insurgents was encamped. He gave himself up to the first advanced guard of cavalry which he met, and communicated his wish to obtain access to the Duke of Monmouth. The non-commissioned officer who commanded the party made his report to his superior, and he again to another in still higher command, and both immediately rode to the spot where Morton was detained.

“You are but losing your time, my friend, and risking your life,” said one of them, addressing Morton; “the Duke of Monmouth will receive no terms from traitors with arms in their hands, and your cruelties have been such as to authorize retaliation of every kind.”

“I cannot think,” said Morton, “that even if the Duke of Monmouth should consider us as criminals, he would condemn so large a body of his fellow-subjects without even hearing what they have to plead for themselves. On my part I fear nothing. I am conscious of having consented to, or authorised no cruelty, and the fear of suffering innocently for the crimes of others shall not deter me from executing my commission,”

The two officers looked at each other.

“I have an idea,” said the younger, “that this is the young man of whom Lord Evandale spoke.”

“Is my Lord Evandale in the army?” said Morton.

“He is not, replied the officer; “we left him at Edinburgh, too much indisposed to take the field. — Your name, sir, I presume is Henry Morton?”

“It is, sir,” answered Morton.

“We will not oppose your seeing the Duke, sir,” said the officer, with more civility of manner; “but you may assure yourself it will be to no purpose; for, were his Grace disposed to favour your people, others are joined in commission with him who will hardly consent to his doing so.”

“I shall be sorry to find it thus,” said Morton, “but my duty requires that I should persevere in my desire to have an interview with him.”

“Lumley,” said the superior officer, “let the Duke know of Mr Morton’s arrival, and remind his Grace that this is the person of whom Lord Evandale spoke so highly.”

The officer returned with a message that the General could not see Mr Morton that evening, but would receive him bytimes on the ensuing morning. He was detained in a neighbouring cottage all night, but treated with civility, and every thing provided for his accommodation. Early on the next morning the officer he had first seen came to conduct him to his audience.

The army was drawn out, and in the act of forming column for march, or attack. The Duke was in the centre, nearly a mile from the place where Morton had passed the night. In riding towards the General, he had an opportunity of estimating the force which had been assembled for the suppression of the hasty and ill-concerted insurrection. There were three or four regiments of English, the flower of Charles's army — there were the Scottish Life Guards, burning with desire to revenge their late defeat — other Scottish regiments of regulars were also assembled, and a large body of cavalry, consisting partly of gentlemen volunteers, partly of the tenants of the crown who did military duty for their fiefs. Morton also observed several strong parties of Highlanders drawn from the points nearest to the lowland frontiers, a people particularly obnoxious to the western whigs, and who hated and despised them in the same pro-

portion. These were assembled under their chiefs, and made part of this formidable array. A complete train of field-artillery accompanied the army; and the whole had an air so imposing, that it seemed nothing short of an actual miracle could prevent the ill-equipped, ill-modelled, and tumultuary army of the insurgents from being utterly destroyed. The officer who accompanied Morton endeavoured to gather from his looks the feelings with which this splendid and awful parade of military force had impressed him. But, true to the cause he had espoused, he laboured successfully to prevent the anxiety which he felt from appearing in his countenance, and looked around him on the warlike display as on a sight which he expected, and to which he was indifferent.

“You see the entertainment prepared for you,” said the officers.

“If I had no appetite for it,” replied Morton, “I should not have been accompanying you at this moment. But I shall be better pleased with a more peaceful regale, for the sake of all parties.”

As they spoke thus, they approached the commander-in-chief, who, surrounded by several officers, was seated upon a knoll commanding

an extensive prospect of the distant country, and from which could be easily discovered the windings of the majestic Clyde and the distant camp of the insurgents on the opposite bank. The officers of the royal army appeared to be surveying the ground with the purpose of directing an immediate attack. When Captain Lumley, the officer who accompanied Morton, had whispered in Monmouth's ear his name and errand, the Duke made a signal for all around him to retire, excepting only two general officers of distinction. While they spoke together in whispers for a few minutes before Morton was permitted to advance, he had time to study the appearance of the persons with whom he was to treat.

It was impossible for any one to look upon the Duke of Monmouth without being captivated by his personal graces and accomplishments, of which the great highpriest of all the nine afterwards recorded —

“Whate’er he did was done with so much ease,
I him alone ’twas natural to please;
His motions all accompanied with grace,
And Paradise was opened in his face.”

Yet, to a strict observer, the manly beauty of Monmouth's face was occasionally rendered less striking by an air of vacillation and uncertainty, which seemed to imply hesitation and doubt at moments when decisive resolution was most necessary.

Beside him stood Claverhouse, whom we have already fully described, and another general officer, whose appearance was singularly striking. His dress was of the antique fashion of Charles the First's time, and composed of shamoy leather, curiously slashed and covered with antique lace and garniture. His boots and spurs might be referred to the same distant period. He wore a breast-plate, over which descended a grey beard of venerable length, which he cherished as a mark of mourning for Charles the First, having never shaved since that monarch was brought to the scaffold. His head was uncovered, and almost perfectly bald. His high and wrinkled forehead, piercing grey eyes, and marked features, evinced age unbroken by infirmity, and stern resolution unsoftened by humanity. Such is the outline, however feebly expressed, of the celebrated General Thomas Dalzell, a man more feared and hated by the whigs than even Claverhouse himself, and who executed the same violences against them out of a de-

testation of their persons, or perhaps an innate severity of temper, which Grahame only resorted to on political accounts, as the best means of intimidating the followers of presbytery, and of destroying that sect entirely.

The presence of these two generals, one of whom he knew by person, and the other by description, seemed to Morton decisive of the fate of his embassy. But, notwithstanding his youth and inexperience, and the unfavourable reception which his proposals seemed likely to meet with, he advanced boldly towards them upon receiving a signal to that purpose, determined that the cause of his country, and of those with whom he had taken up arms, should suffer nothing from being entrusted to him. Monmouth received him with the graceful courtesy which attended even his slightest actions; Dalzell regarded him with a stern, gloomy, and impatient frown; and Claverhouse, with a sarcastic smile and inclination of his head, seemed to claim him as an old acquaintance.

“You come, sir, from these unfortunate people,” said the Duke of Monmouth, “and your name, I believe, is Morton; will you favour us with the purport of your errand?”

“It is contained, my Lord,” answered Morton, “in a paper, termed, a Remonstrance and
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Supplication, which my Lord Evandale has placed, I presume, in your Grace's hands?"

"He has done so, sir," answered the Duke; "and I understand, from Lord Evandale, that Mr Morton has behaved in these unhappy matters with much temperance and generosity, for which I have to request his acceptance of my thanks."

Here Morton observed Dalzell shake his head indignantly, and whisper something into Claverhouse's ear, who smiled in return, and elevated his eyebrows, but in a degree so slight as scarce to be perceptible. The Duke, taking the petition from his pocket, proceeded, obviously struggling between the native gentleness of his own disposition, and his conviction that the petitioners demanded no more than their rights, and the desire, on the other hand, of enforcing the king's authority and complying with the sterner opinions of the colleagues in office, who had been assigned for the purpose of controlling as well as advising him.

"There are, Mr Morton, in this paper, proposals, as to the abstract propriety of which I must now waive delivering any opinion. Some of them appear to me reasonable and just; and, although I have no express instructions from the King upon the subject, yet I assure you, Mr

Morton, and I pledge my honour, that I will interpose in your behalf, and use my utmost influence to procure you satisfaction from his Majesty. But you will understand, that I can only treat with supplicants, not with rebels; and, as a preliminary to every act of favour on my side, I must insist upon your followers laying down their arms and dispersing themselves."

"To do so, my Lord Duke," replied Morton, undauntedly, "were to acknowledge ourselves the rebels that our enemies term us. Our swords are drawn for recovery of a birth-right wrested from us; your Grace's moderation and good sense has admitted the general justice of our demand, — a demand which would never have been listened to had it not been accompanied with the sound of the trumpet. We cannot, therefore, and dare not, lay down our arms, even on your Grace's assurance of indemnity, unless it were accompanied with some reasonable prospect of the redress of the wrongs which we complain of."

"Mr Morton," replied the Duke, "you are young, but you must have seen enough of the world to perceive, that requests, by no means dangerous in themselves, may become so by the way in which they are pressed and supported."

“We may reply, my Lord,” answered Morton, “that this disagreeable mode has not been resorted to until all others have failed.”

“Mr Morton,” said the Duke, “I must break this conference short. We are in readiness to commence the attack, yet I will suspend it for an hour, until you can communicate my answer to the insurgents. If they please to disperse their followers, lay down their arms, and send a peaceful deputation to me, I will consider myself bound in honour to do all I can to procure redress of their grievances; if not, let them stand on their guard and expect the consequences. — I think, gentlemen” he added, turning to his two colleagues, “this is the utmost length to which I can stretch my instructions in favour of these misguided persons?”

“By my faith,” answered Dalzell, suddenly, “and it is a length to which my poor judgment durst not have stretched them, considering I had both the King and my conscience to answer to. But, doubtless, your Grace knows more of the King’s private mind than we, who have only the letter of our instructions to look to.”

Monmouth blushed deeply. “You hear,” he said, addressing Morton, “General Dalzell blames me for the length which I am disposed to go in your favour.”

“General Dalzell’s sentiments, my Lord,” replied Morton, “are such as we expect from him; your Grace’s such as we were prepared to hope you might please to entertain; but I cannot help adding, that, in the case of the absolute submission upon which you are pleased to insist, it might still remain something less than doubtful how far, with such counsellors around the King, even your Grace’s intercession might procure us effectual relief. But I will communicate to our leaders your Grace’s answer to our supplication; and, since we cannot obtain peace, we must bid war welcome as well as we may.”

“Good morning, sir,” said the Duke. “I suspend the movements of attack for one hour, and for one hour only. If you have an answer to return within that space of time, I will receive it here, and earnestly entreat it may be such as to save the effusion of blood.”

At this moment another smile of deep meaning passed between Dalzell and Claverhouse. The Duke observed it, and repeated his words with great dignity.

“Yes, gentlemen, I said I trusted the answer might be such as would save the effusion of blood. I hope the sentiment neither needs your scorn, nor incurs your displeasure.”

Dalzell returned the Duke's frown with a stern glance, but made no answer. Claverhouse, his lip just curled with an ironical smile, bowed, and said, «It was not for him to judge the propriety of his Grace's sentiments.»

The Duke made a signal to Morton to withdraw. He obeyed; and, accompanied by his former escort, rode slowly through the army to return to the camp of the nonconformists. As he passed the fine corps of Life Guards, he found Claverhouse was already at their head. That officer no sooner saw Morton, than he advanced and addressed him with perfect politeness of manner.

«I think this is not the first time I have seen Mr Morton of Milnwood?»

«It is not Colonel Grahame's fault," said Morton, smiling sternly, «that he or any one else should be now incommoded by my presence.»

«Allow me at least to say," replied Claverhouse, «that Mr Morton's present situation authorizes the opinion I have entertained of him, and that my proceedings at our last meeting only squared to my duty.»

«To reconcile your actions to your duty, and your duty to your conscience, is your business,

Colonel Grahame, not mine," said Morton, justly offended at being thus, in a manner, required to approve of the sentence under which he had so nearly suffered.

"Nay, but stay an instant, said Claverhouse; "Evandale insists that I have some wrongs to acquit myself of in your instance. I trust I shall always make some difference between a high-minded gentleman, who, though misguided, acts upon generous principles, and the crazy fanatical clowns yonder, with the blood-thirsty assassins who head them; therefore, if they do not disperse upon your return, let me pray you instantly come over to our army and surrender yourself, for, be assured, they will not stand our assault for half an hour. If you will be ruled and do this, be sure to enquire for me. Monmouth, strange as it may seem, cannot protect you — Dalzell will not — I both can and will; and I have promised to Evandale to do so if you will give me an opportunity."

"I should owe Lord Evandale my thanks," answered Morton coldly, "did not his scheme imply an opinion that I might be prevailed on to desert those with whom I am engaged. For you, Colonel Grahame, if you will honour me with a different species of satisfaction, it is probable, that, in an hour's time, you will find

me at the west end of Bothwell Bridge with my sword in my hand."

"I shall be happy to meet you there," said Claverhouse, "but still more so should you think better on my first proposal."

They then saluted and parted.

"That is a pretty lad, Lumley," said Claverhouse, addressing himself to the other officer; "but he is a lost man — his blood be upon his head."

So saying, he addressed himself to the task of preparation for instant battle.

CHAPTER XXXI.

*But! hark! the tent has changed its voice,
There's peace and rest nae langer.*

BURNS.

WHEN Morton had left the well-ordered outposts of the regular army, and arrived at those which were maintained by his own party, he could not but be peculiarly sensible of the difference of discipline, and entertain a proportional degree of fear for the consequences. The same discords which agitated their counsels raged even among their meanest followers; and their picquets and patrols were more interested and occupied in disputing the true occasion and causes of wrath, and defining the limits of Erastian heresy, than in looking out for and

observing the motions of their enemies, though within hearing of their drums and trumpets.

There was a guard, however, posted at the long and narrow bridge of Bothwell, over which the enemy must necessarily advance to the attack; but, like the others, they were divided and disheartened; and, entertaining the idea that they were posted on a desperate service, they even meditated withdrawing themselves to the main body. This would have been utter ruin; for, on the defence or loss of this pass, the fortune of the day was most likely to depend; all beyond it was a plain open field, excepting a few thickets of no great depth, and, consequently, was ground on which the undisciplined forces of the insurgents, deficient as they were in cavalry, and totally unprovided with artillery, were altogether unlikely to withstand the shock of regular troops.

Morton, therefore, viewed the pass carefully, and formed the hope, that by occupying two or three houses on the left bank of the river, with the copse and thickets of alders and hazels that lined its side, and by blockading the passage itself, and shutting the gates of a portal, which, according to the old fashion, was built on the central arch of the bridge of Bothwell, it might be

easily defended against a very superior force. He issued directions accordingly, and commanded the parapets of the bridge, on the farther side of the portal, to be thrown down, that they might afford no protection to the enemy when they should attempt the passage. Morton then conjured the party at this important post to be watchful and upon their guard, and promised them a speedy and strong reinforcement. He caused them to advance videttes beyond the river to watch the progress of the enemy, which out-posts he directed should be withdrawn to the left bank as soon as they approached; finally, he charged them to send regular information to the main body of all that they should observe. Men under arms, and in a situation of danger, are usually sufficiently alert in appreciating the merit of their officers, Morton's intelligence and activity gained the confidence of these men, and with better hope and heart than they had before, they began to fortify their position in the manner he recommended, and saw him depart with three loud cheers.

Morton now galloped hastily towards the main body of the insurgents, but was surprised and shocked at the scene of confusion and clamour which it exhibited, at the moment when good order and concord were of such es-

sential consequence. Instead of being drawn up in line of battle, and listening to the commands of their officers, they were crowding together in a confused mass that rolled and agitated itself like the waves of the sea, while a thousand tongues spoke, or rather vociferated, and not a single ear was found to listen. Scandalized at a scene so extraordinary, Morton endeavoured to make his way through the press to learn, and, if possible, to remove, the cause of this so untimely disorder. While he is thus engaged, we shall make the reader acquainted with that which he was some time in discovering.

The insurgents had proceeded to hold their day of humiliation, which, agreeably to the practice of the puritans during the earlier civil war, they considered as the most effectual mode of solving all difficulties and waiving all discussions. A temporary pulpit, or tent, was erected in the middle of the encampment; which, according to the fixed arrangement, was first to be occupied by the Reverend Peter Poundtext, to whom the post of honour was assigned, as the eldest clergyman present. But as the worthy divine, with slow and stately steps, was advancing towards the rostrum which had been prepared for him, he was prevented by the un-

expected apparition of Habakkuk Mucklewrath, the insane preacher, whose appearance had so much startled Morton at the first council of the insurgents after their victory at Loudon-hill. It is not known whether he was acting under the influence and instigation of the Cameronians, or whether he was merely impelled by his own agitated imagination, and the temptation of a vacant pulpit before him, to seize the opportunity of exhorting so respectable a congregation. It is only certain that he took occasion by the forelock, sprung into the pulpit, cast his eyes wildly round him, and, undismayed by the murmurs of many of the audience, opened the Bible, read forth as his text from the thirteenth chapter of Deuteronomy, "Certain men, the children of Belial, are gone out from among you, and have withdrawn the inhabitants of their city, saying, let us go serve other gods which you have not known;" and then rushed at once into the midst of his subject.

The harangue of Mucklewrath was as wild and extravagant as his intrusion was unauthorized and untimely; but it was provokingly coherent, in so far as it turned entirely upon the very subjects of discord, of which it had been agreed to adjourn the consideration until some more suitable opportunity. Not a single

topic did he omit which had offence in it; and, after charging the moderate party with heresy, with crouching to tyranny, with seeking to be at peace with God's enemies, he applied to Morton, by name, the charge that he had been one of those men of Belial, who, in the words of his text, had gone out from amongst them, to withdraw the inhabitants of his city, and to go astray after false Gods. To him, and all who followed him, or approved of his conduct, Mucklewrath denounced fury and vengeance, and exhorted those who would hold themselves pure and undefiled to come up from the midst of them.

“Fear not,” he said, “because of the neighing of horses, or the glittering of breastplates. Seek not aid of the Egyptians, because of the enemy, though they may be numerous as locusts, and fierce as dragons. Their trust is not as our trust, nor their rock as our rock; how else shall a thousand fly before one, and two put ten thousand to the flight! I dreamed it in the visions of the night, and the voice said, ‘Habakkuk, take thy fan and purge the wheat from the chaff, that they be not both consumed with the fire of indignation and the lightning of fury.’ Wherefore, I say, take this Henry Morton — this wretched Achan, who hath brought

the accursed thing among ye, and made himself brethren in the camp of the enemy — take him and stone him with stones, and thereafter burn him with fire, that the wrath may depart from the children of the Covenant. He hath not taken a Babylonish garment, but he hath sold the garment of righteousness to the woman of Babylon — he hath not taken two hundred shekels of fine silver, but he hath bartered the truth, which is more precious than shekels of silver or wedges of gold.”

At this furious charge, brought so unexpectedly against one of their most active commanders, the audience broke out into open tumult, some demanding that there should instantly be a new election of officers, into which office none should hereafter be admitted who had, in their phrase, touched of that which was accursed, or temporized more or less with the heresies and corruptions of the times. While such was the demand of the Cameronians, they vociferated loudly, that those who were not with them were against them, — that it was no time to relinquish the substantial part of the covenanted testimony of the Church, if they expected a blessing on their arms and their cause; and that, in their eyes, a lukewarm Presbyterian was little better than a Prelatist, an Anti-covenanter, and a Nullifidian.

The parties accused repelled the charge of criminal compliance and defection from the truth, with scorn and indignation, and charged their accusers with breach of faith, as well as with wrong-headed and extravagant zeal in introducing such divisions into an army, the joint strength of which could not, by the most sanguine, be judged more than sufficient to face their enemies. Poundtext, and one or two others, made some faint efforts to stem the increasing fury of the factious, exclaiming to those of the other party, in the words of the Patriarch, — “Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between thy herdsmen and my herdsmen, for we be brethren.” — No pacific overture could possibly obtain audience. It was in vain that even Burley himself, when he saw the dissension proceed to such ruinous lengths, exerted his stern and deep voice, commanding silence and obedience to discipline. The spirit of insubordination had gone forth, and it seemed as if the exhortation of Habakkuk Mucklewrath had communicated a part of his frenzy to all who heard him. The wiser, or more timid part of the assembly, were already withdrawing themselves from the field, and giving up their cause as lost. Others were moderating a harmonious call, as they somewhat improperly termed it, to new officers, and dismissing those formerly

chosen, and that with a tumult and clamour worthy of the deficiency of good sense and good order implied in the whole transaction. It was at this moment when Morton arrived in the field, and joined the army, in total confusion, and on the point of dissolving itself. His arrival occasioned loud exclamations of applause on the one side, and of imprecation on the other.

“What means this ruinous disorder at such a moment?” he exclaimed to Burley, who, exhausted with his vain exertions to restore order, was now leaning on his sword, and regarding the confusion with an eye of resolute despair.

“It means,” he replied, “that God has delivered us into the hands of our enemies.”

“Not so,” answered Morton, with a voice and gesture which compelled many to listen; “it is not God who deserts us, it is we who desert him, and dishonour ourselves by disgracing and betraying the cause of freedom and religion. — Hear me,” he exclaimed, springing to the pulpit which Mucklewrath had been compelled to evacuate by actual exhaustion — “I bring from the enemy an offer to treat, if you incline to lay down your arms. I can insure you the means of making an honourable defen-

ce, if you are of more manly tempers. The time flies fast on. Let us resolve either for peace or war; and let it not be said of us in future days, that six thousand Scottish men in arms had neither courage to stand their ground and fight it out, nor prudence to treat for peace, nor even the coward's wisdom to retreat in good time and with safety. What signifies quarrelling on minute points of church-discipline, when the whole edifice is threatened with total destruction. O, remember, my brethren, that the last and worst evil which God brought upon the people whom he had once chosen — the last and worst punishment of their blindness and hardness of heart, was the bloody dissensions which rent asunder their city, even when the enemy were thundering at its gates."

Some of the audience testified their feeling of this exhortation by loud exclamations of applause; others by hooting, and exclaiming — "To your tents, O Israel!"

Morton, who beheld the columns of the enemy already beginning to appear on the right bank, and directing their march upon the bridge, raised his voice to its utmost pitch, and, pointing at the same time with his hand, exclaimed, — "Silence your senseless clamours, yonder is the

enemy! On maintaining the bridge against him depend our lives, as well as our hope to reclaim our laws and liberties. — There shall at least one Scottishman die in their defence. — Let any one who loves his country follow me!”

The multitude had turned their heads in the direction to which he pointed. The sight of the glittering files of the Foot-Guards, supported by several squadrons of horse, of the cannon which the artillerymen were busily engaged in planting against the bridge, and of the long succession of troops which were destined to support the attack, silenced at once their clamorous uproar, and struck them with as much consternation as if it were an unexpected apparition, and not the very thing which they ought to have been looking out for. They gazed on each other, and on their leaders, with looks resembling those that indicate the weakness of a patient when exhausted by a fit of frenzy. Yet when Morton, springing from the rostrum, directed his steps towards the bridge, he was followed by about an hundred of the young men who were particularly attached to his command.

Burley turned to Macbriar — “Ephraim,” he said, “it is Providence points us the way, through the worldly wisdom of this latitudinarian

youth. — He that loves the light, let him follow Burley!”

“Tarry,” replied Macbriar; “it is not by Henry Morton, or such as him, that our goings-out and our comings-in are to be meted; therefore tarry with us. I fear treachery to the host from this *nullifidian* Achan — Thou shalt not go with him. Thou art our chariots and our horsemen.”

“Hinder me not,” replied Burley; “he hath well said that all is lost, if the enemy win the bridge — therefore let me not. — Shall the children of this generation be called wiser or braver than the children of the sanctuary? — Array yourselves under your leaders — let us not lack supplies of men and ammunition; and accursed be he who turneth back from the work on this great day!”

Having thus spoken, he hastily marched towards the bridge, and was followed by about two hundred of the most gallant and zealous of his party. There was a deep and disheartened pause when Morton and Burley departed. The commanders availed themselves of it to display their lines in some sort of order, and exhorted those who were most exposed to throw them-

selves upon their faces to avoid the cannonade which they might presently expect. The insurgents ceased to resist or to remonstrate; but the awe which had silenced their discords had dismayed their courage. They suffered themselves to be formed into ranks with the docility of a flock of sheep, but without possessing, for the time, more resolution or energy; for they experienced a sinking of the heart, imposed by the sudden and imminent approach of the danger which they neglected to provide against while it was yet distant. They were, however, drawn out with some regularity; and as they still possessed the appearance of an army, their leaders had only to hope that some favourable circumstance would restore their spirit and courage.

Kettledrummle, Poundtext, Macbriar, and other preachers, busied themselves in their ranks, and prevailed on them to raise a psalm. But the superstitious among them observed, as an ill omen, that their song of praise and triumph sunk into "a quaver of consternation," and resembled rather a penitentiary stave sung on the scaffold of a condemned criminal, than the bold strain which had resounded along the wild heath of Loudon-hill, in anticipation of that day's victory. The melancholy melody soon received

a rough accompaniment, for the cannon began to fire on one side, and the musketry on both, and the bridge of Bothwell, with the banks adjacent, were involved in wreaths of smoke.

CHAPTER XXXII.

*As e'er ye saw the rain down fa',
Or yet the arrow from the bow,
Sae our Scots lads fell even down,
And they lay slain on every knowe.*

Old Ballad.

ERE Morton or Burley had reached the post to be defended, the enemy had commenced an attack upon it with great spirit. The two regiments of Foot-Guards, formed into a close column, rushed forward to the river; one corps, deploying along the right bank, commenced a galling fire on the defenders of the pass, while the other pressed on to occupy the bridge. The insurgents sustained the attack with great constancy and courage; and while part of their number returned the fire across the river, the rest main-

tained a discharge of musketry upon the further end of the bridge itself, and every avenue by which the soldiers endeavoured to approach it. The latter suffered severely, but still gained ground, and the head of their column was already upon the bridge, when the arrival of Morton changed the scene; and his marksmen, commencing upon the pass a fire as well aimed as it was sustained and regular, compelled the assailants to retire with much loss. They were a second time brought up to the charge, and a second time repulsed with still greater loss, as Burley had now brought his party into action. The fire was continued with the utmost vehemence on both sides, and the issue of the action seemed very dubious.

Monmouth, mounted on a superb white charger, might be discovered on the top of the right bank of the river, urging, entreating, and animating the exertions of his soldiers. By his orders, the cannon, which had hitherto been employed in annoying the distant main body of the presbyterians, were now turned upon the defenders of the bridge. But these tremendous engines, being wrought much more slowly than in modern times, did not produce the effect of annoying or terrifying the enemy to the extent proposed. The insurgents, sheltered by copse-

wood along the bank of the river, or stationed in the houses already mentioned, fought under cover, while the royalists, owing to the precautions of Morton, were entirely exposed. The defence was so protracted and obstinate, that the royal generals began to fear it might be ultimately successful. While Monmouth threw himself from his horse, and, rallying the Foot-Guards, brought them on to another close and desperate attack, he was warmly seconded by Dalzell, who, putting himself at the head of a body of Lennox Highlanders, rushed forward with their tremendous war-cry of Loch-sloy. The ammunition of the defenders of the bridge began to fail at this important crisis; messages, commanding and imploring succours and supplies, were in vain dispatched, one after the other, to the main body of the presbyterian army, which remained inactively drawn up on the open fields in the rear. Fear, consternation, and misrule, had gone abroad among them, and, while the post on which their safety depended required to be instantly and powerfully reinforced, there remained none either to command or to obey.

As the fire of the defenders of the bridge began to slacken, that of the assailants increased, and became more fatal. Animated by the

example and exhortations of their generals, they obtained a footing upon the bridge itself, and began to remove the obstacles by which it was blockaded. The portal-gate was broken open, the beams, trunks of trees, and other materials of the barricade, pulled down and thrown into the river. This was not accomplished without opposition. Morton and Burley fought in the very front of their followers, and encouraged them with their pikes, halberts, and partisans, to encounter the bayonets of the Guards and the broad-swords of the Highlanders. But those behind them began to shrink from the unequal combat, and fly singly, or in parties of two or three, towards the main body, until the remainder were, by the mere weight of the hostile column as much as by their weapons, fairly forced from the bridge. The passage being now open, the enemy began to pour over. But the bridge was long and narrow, which rendered the manœuvre slow as well as dangerous; and those who first passed had still to force the houses, from the windows of which the Covenanters continued to fire. Burley and Morton were near each other at this critical moment.

“There is yet time,” said the former, “to bring down horse to attack them, ere they can get into order; and, with the aid of God, we

may thus regain the bridge — hasten thou to bring them down, while I make the defence good with this old and wearied body.”

Morton saw the importance of the advice, and, throwing himself on the horse which Cud-die held in readiness for him behind the thicket, galloped towards a body of cavalry which chanced to be composed entirely of Cameronians. Ere he could speak his errand, or utter his orders, he was saluted by the execrations of the whole body.

“He flies!” they exclaimed — “the cowardly traitor flies like a hart from the hunters, and hath left valiant Burley in the midst of the slaughter!”

“I do not fly,” said Morton. “I come to lead you to the attack. — Advance boldly, and we shall yet do well.”

“Follow him not! — Follow him not!” — such were the tumultuous exclamations which resounded from the ranks; “he hath sold you to the sword of the enemy.”

And while Morton argued, entreated, and commanded in vain, the moment was lost in which the advance might have been useful; and the outlet from the bridge, with all its defen-

ces, being in complete possession of the enemy, Burley and his remaining followers were driven back upon the main body, to whom the spectacle of their hurried and harassed retreat was far from restoring the confidence which they so much wanted.

In the meanwhile, the forces of the King crossed the bridge at their leisure, and, securing the access, formed in line of battle; while Claverhouse, who, like a hawk perched on a rock, and eyeing the time to pounce on its prey, had watched the event of the action from the opposite bank, now passed the bridge at the head of his cavalry, at full trot, and, leading them in squadrons through the intervals and round the flanks of the royal infantry, formed them on the moor, and led them to the charge, advancing in front with one large body, while other two divisions threatened the flanks of the Covenanters. Their devoted army was now in that situation when the slightest demonstration towards an attack was certain to inspire panic. Their broken spirits and disheartened courage were unable to endure the charge of the cavalry, attended with all its terrible accompaniments of sight and sound; — the rush of the horses at full speed, the shaking of the earth under their feet, the glancing of the swords,

the waving of the plumes, and the fierce shouts of the cavaliers. The front ranks hardly attempted one ill-directed and disorderly fire, and their rear were broken and flying in confusion ere the charge had been completed; and in less than five minutes the horsemen were mixed with them, cutting and hewing without mercy. The voice of Claverhouse was heard, even above the din of conflict, exclaiming to his soldiers — “Kill, kill — no quarter — think on Richard Grahame!” — The dragoons, many of whom had shared the disgrace of London-hill, required no exhortations to vengeance as easy as it was complete. Their swords drank deep of slaughter among the resisting fugitives. Screams for quarter were only answered by the shouts with which the pursuers accompanied their blows, and the whole field presented one general scene of confused slaughter, flight, and pursuit. About twelve hundred of the insurgents who remained in a body a little apart from the rest, and out of the line of the charge of cavalry, threw down their arms and surrendered at discretion, upon the approach of the Duke of Monmouth at the head of the infantry. That mild-tempered nobleman instantly allowed them the quarter which they prayed for; and, galloping about through the field, exerted himself as much to stop the slaughter as he had done to

obtain the victory. While busied in this humane task he met with General Dalzell, who was encouraging the fierce Highlanders and royal volunteers to shew their zeal for King and country, by quenching the flame of the rebellion with the blood of the rebels.

“Sheathe your sword, I command you, General!” exclaimed the Duke, “and sound the retreat; enough of blood has been shed; give quarter to the King’s misguided subjects.”

“I obey your Grace,” said the old man, wiping his bloody sword and returning it to the scabbard; “but I warn you, at the same time, that enough has *not* been done to intimidate these desperate rebels. Has not your Grace heard that Basil Olifant has collected several gentlemen and men of substance in the west, and is in the act of marching to join them?”

“Basil Olifant!” said the Duke, “who, or what, is he?”

“The next male heir to the last Earl of Torwood; he is disaffected to government from his claim to the estate being set aside in favour of Lady Margaret Bellenden; and I suppose the hope of getting the inheritance has set him in motion.”

“Be his motives what they will,” replied Monmouth, “he must soon disperse his followers, for this army is far too much broken to rally again. Therefore, once more, I command that the pursuit be stopped.”

“It is your Grace’s province to command, and to be responsible for your commands.” answered Dalzell, as he gave reluctant orders for checking the pursuit.

But the fiery and vindictive Grahame was already far out of hearing of the signal of retreat, and continued with his cavalry an unwearied and bloody pursuit, breaking, dispersing, and cutting to pieces all the insurgents whom they could come up with.

Burley and Morton were both hurried off the field by the confused tide of fugitives. They made some attempt to defend the streets of Hamilton; but, while labouring to induce the flyers to face about and stand to their weapons, Burley received a bullet which broke his sword-arm.

“May the hand be withered that shot the shot!” he exclaimed, as the sword which he was waving over his head fell powerless to his side. “I can fight no longer.”

Then turning his horse's head, he retreated out of the confusion. Morton too now saw that the continuing his unavailing efforts to rally the flyers could only end in his own death or captivity, and, followed by the faithful Cuddie, he extricated himself from the press, and, being well mounted, leaped his horse over one or two enclosures, and got into the open country.

From the first hill which they gained in their flight, they looked back, and beheld the whole country covered with their fugitive companions, and with the pursuing dragoons, whose wild shouts and halloo, as they did execution on the groups whom they overtook, mingled with the groans and streams of their victims, rose shrilly up the hill.

“It is impossible they can ever make head again,” said Morton.

“The head's ta'en aff them as clean as I wad bite it aff a sybo,” rejoined Cuddie. “Eh, lord! see how the broad-swords are flashing! war's a fearsome thing. They'll be cunning that catches me at this wark again — but, for God's sake, sir, let us mak for some strength.”

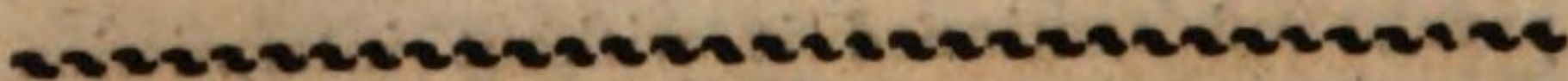
Morton saw the necessity of following the advice of his trusty squire. They resumed a rapid

pace, and continued it without intermission, directing their course towards the wild and mountainous country, where they thought it likely some part of the fugitives might draw together for the sake either of making defence, or of obtaining terms.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

*They require
Of Heaven the hearts of lions, breath of tigers,
Yea, and the fierceness too.*

Fletcher.

Evening had fallen; and, for the last two hours, they had seen none of their illfated companions, when Morton and his faithful attendant gained the moorland, and approached a large and solitary farmhouse, situated in the entrance of a wild and moorish glen, for remote from any other habitation.

“Our horses,” said Morton, will carry us no farther without rest or food, and we must try to obtain them here, if possible.”

So speaking, he led the way to the house. The place had every appearance of being inhabited. There was smoke issuing from the chimney a considerable volume, and the marks of recent hoofs were visible around the door. They could even hear the murmuring of human voices within the house. But all the lower windows were closely secured; and, when they knocked at the door, no answer was returned. After vainly calling and entreating admittance, they withdrew to the stable, or shed, in order to accommodate their horses, ere they used farther means of gaining admission. In this place they found ten or twelve horses, whose appearance of fatigue, as well as the military yet disordered appearance of their saddles and accoutrements, plainly indicated that their owners were fugitive insurgents in their own circumstances.

“This meeting bodes gude luck,” said Cuddie; “and they hae walth o’ beef, that’s ae thing certain, for here’s a raw hide that has been about the hurdies o’ a stot not half an hour syne — it’s warm yet.”

Encouraged by these appearances, they returned again to the house, and, announcing themselves as men in the same predicament with the inmates, clamoured loudly for admittance.

“Whoever ye be,” answered a stern voice from the window, after a long and obdurate silence, “disturb not those who mourn for the desolation and captivity of the land, and search out the causes of wrath and of defection, that the stumbling-blocks may be removed over which we have stumbled.”

“They are wild western whigs,” said Cuddie, in a whisper to his master, “I ken by their language. Fiend hae me if I like to venture on them.”

Morton, however, again called to the party within, and insisted on admittance; but, finding his entreaties still disregarded, he opened one of the lower windows, and pushing asunder the shutters, which were but slightly secured, stepped into the large kitchen from which the voice had issued. Cuddie followed him, muttering betwixt his teeth, as he put his head within the window, “That he hoped there was nae scalding brose on the fire;” and master and

servant both found themselves in the company of ten or twelve armed men, seated around the fire on which refreshments were preparing, and busied apparently in their devotions.

In the gloomy countenances, illuminated by the fire-light, Morton had no difficulty in recognizing several of those zealots who had most distinguished themselves by their intemperate opposition to all moderate measures, together with their noted pastor, Ephraim Macbriar, and the maniac, Habakkuk Mucklewrath. The Cameronians neither stirred tongue nor hand to welcome their brethren in misfortune, but continued to listen to the low murmured exercise of Macbriar, as he prayed that the Almighty would lift up his hand from his people, and not make an end in the day of his anger. That they were conscious of the presence of the intruders only appeared from the sullen indignant glances which they shot at them, from time to time, as their eyes encountered.

Morton, finding into what unfriendly society he had unwittingly intruded, began to think of retreating; but, on turning his head, observed with some alarm, that two strong men had silently placed themselves beside the window,

through which they had entered. One of these, ominous centinels whispered to Cuddie, "Son of that precious woman, Mause Headrigg, do not cast thy lot farther with this child of treachery and perdition — Pass on thy way, and tarry not, for the avenger of blood is behind thee."

With this he pointed to the window, out of which Cuddie jumped without hesitation; for the intimation he had received plainly implied the personal danger he would otherwise incur.

"Winnocks are no lucky wi' me," was his first reflection when he was in the open air; his next was upon the probable fate of his master. "They'll kill him, the murdering loons, and think they're doing a gude turn; but I'se tak the road back for Hamilton, and see if I canna get some o' our ain folk to bring help in time of needcessity."

So saying, Cuddie hastened to the stable, and, taking the best horse he could find instead of his own tired animal, he galloped off in the direction he proposed.

The noise of his horse's tread alarmed for an instant the devotion of the fanatics. As it died

in the distance, Macbriar brought his exercise to a conclusion, and his audience raised themselves from the stooping posture, and lowering downward look with which they had listened to it, and all fixed their eyes sternly on Henry Morton.

“You bend strange countenances on me, gentlemen,” said he, addressing them. “I am totally ignorant in what manner I can have deserved them.”

“Out upon thee! out upon thee!” exclaimed Mucklewrath, starting up: “the word that thou hast spurned shall become a rock to crush and to bruise thee; the spear which thou wouldst have broken shall pierce thy side; we have prayed, and wrestled, and petitioned, for an offering to atone the sins of the congregation, and lo! the very head of the offence is delivered into our hand. He hath burst in like a thief through the window; he is a ram caught in the thicket, whose blood shall be a drink-offering to redeem vengeance from the church, and the place shall from henceforth be called Jehovah-Jirah, for the sacrifice is provided. Up then, and bind the victim with cords to the horns of the altar!”

There was a movement among the party; and deeply did Morton regret at that moment the incautious haste with which he had ventured into their company. He was armed only with his sword, for he had left his pistols at the bow of his saddle, and as the whigs were all provided with fire-arms, there was little or no chance of escaping from them by resistance. The interposition, however, of Macbriar protected him for the moment.

“Tarry yet a while, brethren — let us not use the sword rashly, lest the load of innocent blood lie heavy on us. — Come,” he said, addressing himself to Morton, “we will reckon with thee ere we avenge the cause thou hast betrayed. Hast thou not,” he continued, “made thy face as hard as flint against the truth in all the assemblies of the host?”

“He has — he has,” murmured the deep voices of the assistants.

“He hath ever urged peace with the malignants,” said one.

“And pleaded for the dark and dismal guilt of the indulgence,” said another.

“And would have surrendered the host into the hands of Monmouth,” echoed a third; “and was the first to desert the honest and manly Burley, while he yet resisted at the pass. I saw him on the moor, with his horse bloody with spurring, long ere the firing had ceased at the bridge.”

“Gentlemen,” said Morton, “if you mean to bear me down by clamour, and take my life without hearing me, it is perhaps a thing in your power; but you will sin before God and man by the commission of such a murder.”

“I say, hear the youth,” said Macbriar, “for Heaven knows our bowels have yearned for him, that he might be brought to see the truth, and exert his gifts in its defence. But he is blinded by his carnal knowledge, and has spurned the light when it blazed before him.”

Silence being obtained, Morton proceeded to assert the good faith which he had displayed in the treaty with Monmouth, and the active part he had borne in the subsequent action.

“I may not, gentlemen,” he said, “be fully able to go the lengths you desire, in assigning to those of my own religion the means of tyran-

nizing over others; but none shall go farther in asserting our own lawful freedom. And I must needs aver, that had others been of my mind in counsel, or disposed to stand by my side in battle, we should this evening, instead of being a defeated and discordant remnant, have sheathed our weapons in an useful and honourable peace, or brandished them triumphantly after a decisive victory."

He hath spoken the word," said one of the assembly — "he hath avowed his carnal self-seeking and Erastianism; let him die the death!"

"Peace yet again," said Macbriar, "for I will try him further. — Was it not by thy means that the malignant Evandale twice escaped from death and captivity? Was it not through thee that Miles Bellenden and his garrison of cut-throats were saved from the edge of the sword?"

"I am proud to say, that you have spoken the truth in both instances," replied Morton.

"Lo! you see," said Macbriar, "again hath his mouth spoken it. — And didst thou not do this for the sake of a Midianitish woman, one of the spawn of prelacy, a toy with which the

arch-enemy's trap is baited? Didst thou not do all this for the sake of Edith Bellenden?"

"You are incapable," answered Morton, boldly, "of appreciating my feelings towards that young lady; but all that I have done I would have done had she never existed."

"Thou art a hardy rebel to the truth — And didst thou not so act, that, by conveying away the aged woman, Margaret Bellenden, and her grand-daughter, thou mightest thwart the wise and godly project of John Balfour of Burley for bringing forth to battle Basil Olifant, who had agreed to take the field if he were insured possession of these women's worldly endowments?"

"I never heard of such a scheme," said Morton, "and therefore I could not thwart it. — But does your religion permit you to take such uncreditable and immoral modes of recruiting?"

"Peace," said Macbriar, somewhat disconcerted; "it is not for thee to instruct tender professors, or to construe Covenant obligations; for the rest, you have acknowledged enough of sin and sorrowful defection to draw down defeat on a host were it as numerous as the sands on the

sea-shore. And it is our judgment, that we are not free to let you pass from us safe and in life, since Providence hath given you into our hands at the moment that we prayed with godly Joshua, saying, 'What shall we say when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies?' — Then camest thou, delivered to us as it were by lot, that thou mightest sustain the punishment of one that hath wrought folly in Israel. Therefore, mark my words. This is the Sabbath, and our hand shall not be on thee to spill thy blood upon this day; but, when the twelfth hour shall strike, it is a token that thy time on earth hath run! Wherefore improve thy span, for it flitteth fast away. — Seize on the prisoner, brethren, and take his weapon from him."

The command was so unexpectedly given, and so suddenly executed by those of the party who had gradually closed behind and around Morton, that he was overpowered and disarmed before he could offer any effectual resistance. When this was accomplished, a dead and stern silence took place. The fanatics ranged themselves around a large oaken table, placing Morton amongst them, in such a manner as to be opposite to the clock which was to strike his knell. Food was placed before them, of which they

offered their intended victim a share, but, it will readily be believed, he had little appetite. When this was removed, the party resumed their devotions, Macbriar expostulating in prayer, as if to wring from the Deity a signal that the bloody sacrifice they proposed was an acceptable service. The eyes and ears of his hearers were anxiously strained, as if to gain some sight or sound which might be converted or wrested into a type of approbation, and ever and anon dark looks were turned on the dial-plate of the time-piece to watch its progress towards the moment of execution.

Morton's eye frequently took the same course, with the sad reflection, that there appeared no possibility of his life being expanded beyond the narrow segment which the index had yet to travel on the circle until it arrived at the fatal hour. Faith in his religion, with a constant unyielding principle of honour, and the sense of conscious innocence, enabled him to pass through this dreadful interval with less agitation than he himself could have expected, had the situation been prophesied to him. Yet there was a want of that eager and animating sense of right which supported him in similar circumstances, when in the power of Claverhouse. Then

he was conscious, that, amid the spectators, were many who were lamenting his condition, and some who applauded his conduct. But now, among these pale-eyed and ferocious zealots whose hardened brows were soon to be bent, not merely with indifference, but with triumph, upon his execution, — without a friend to speak a kindly word, or give a look either of sympathy or encouragement, — awaiting till the sword destined to slay him crept out of the scabbard gradually, and as it were by straw-breadths, and condemned to drink the bitterness of death drop by drop, — it is no wonder that his feelings were less composed than they had been on any former occasion of danger. His destined executioners, as he gazed around them, seemed to alter their forms and features, like the spectres in a feverish dream; their figures became larger, and their faces more disturbed; and, as an excited imagination predominated over the realities which his eyes received, he could have thought himself surrounded rather by a band of demons than of human beings; the walls seemed to drop with blood, and the light tick of the clock thrilled on his ear with such loud, painful distinctness, as if each sound were the prick of a bodkin inflicted on the naked nerve of the organ.

It was with pain that he felt his mind wavering while on the brink between this and the future world. He made a strong effort to compose himself to devotional exercises, and unequal, during that fearful strife of nature, to arrange his own thoughts into suitable expressions, he had, instinctively, recourse to the petition for deliverance and for composure of spirit which is to be found in the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England. Macbriar, whose family were of that persuasion, instantly recognized the words which the unfortunate prisoner pronounced half aloud.

“There lacked but this,” he said, his pale cheek kindling with resentment, “to root out my carnal reluctance to see his blood spilt. He is a prelatist who has sought the camp under the disguise of an Erastian, and all, and more than all, that has been said of him must needs be verity. His blood be on his head, the deceiver! — let him go down to Tophet with the ill-mumbled mass which he calls a prayer-book in his right hand.”

“I take up my song against him!” exclaimed the maniac. “As the sun went back on the dial ten degrees for intimating the recovery of holy

Hezekiah, so shall it now go forward, that the wicked may be taken away from among the people, and the Covenant established in its purity."

He sprang to a chair with an attitude of frenzy, in order to anticipate the fatal moment by putting the index forward; and several of the party began to make ready their weapons for immediate execution, when Mucklewrath's hand was arrested by one of his companions.

"Hist!" he said — "I hear a distant noise."

"It is the rushing of the brook over the pebbles," said one.

"It is the sough of the wind among the bracken," said another.

"It is the galloping of horse," said Morton to himself, his sense of hearing rendered acute by the dreadful situation in which he stood; "God grant they may come as my deliverers!"

The noise approached rapidly, and became more and more distinct.

"It is horse," cried Macbriar. "Look out and descry who they are."

“The enemy are upon us,” cried one who had opened the window, in obedience to his order.

A thick trampling and loud voices were heard immediately round the house. Some rose to resist, and some to escape; the doors and windows were forced at once, and the red coats of the troopers appeared in the apartment.

“Have at the bloody rebels! — Remember Cornet Grahame!” was shouted on every side.

The lights were struck down, but the dubious glare of the fire enabled them to continue the fray. Several pistol-shots were fired; the whig next to Morton received a shot as he was rising, stumbled against the prisoner, whom he bore down with his weight, and lay stretched above him a dying man. This accident probably saved Morton from the damage he might otherwise have received in so close a struggle, where fire-arms were discharged and sword-blows given for upwards of five minutes.

“Is the prisoner safe?” said the wellknown voice of Claverhouse; “look about for him, and dispatch the dog who is groaning there.”

Both orders were executed. The groans of the wounded man were silenced by a thrust with
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a rapier, and Morton, disencumbered of his weight, was speedily raised and in the arms of the faithful Cuddie, who blubbered for joy when he found that the blood with which his master was covered had not flowed from his own veins. A whisper in Morton's ear explained the secret of the very timely appearance of the soldiers.

«I fell into Claverhouse's party when I was seeking for some o' our ain folk to help ye out o' the hands of the whigs; sae being atween the de'il and the deep sea, I e'en thought it best to bring him on wi' me, for he'll be wearied wi' felling folk the night, and the morn's a new day, and Lord Evandale awes ye a day in ha'arst; and Monmouth gi'es quarter, the dragoons tell me, for the asking. Sae haud up your heart, an' we'll do a' weel aneugh yet.»

CHAPTER XXXIV.

*Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.*

Anonymous.

WHEN the desperate affray had ceased, Claverhouse commanded his soldiers to remove the dead bodies, to refresh themselves and their horses, and prepare for passing the night at the farm-house, and for marching early in the ensuing morning. He then turned his attention to Morton, and there was politeness, and even kindness, in the manner in which he addressed him.

“You would have saved yourself risk from both sides, Mr Morton, if you had honoured my counsel yesterday morning with some attention; but I respect your motives. You are a prisoner-of-war at the disposal of the king and council, but you shall be treated with no incivility; and I will be satisfied with your parole that you will not attempt an escape.”

When Morton had passed his word to that effect, Claverhouse bowed civilly, and, turning away from him, called for his serjeant-major.

“How many prisoners, Halliday, and how many killed?”

“Three killed in the house, sir, two cut down in the court, and one in the garden — six in all; four prisoners.

“Armed or unarmed!” said Claverhouse.

“Three of them armed to the teeth,” answered Halliday; “one without arms — he seems to be a preacher.”

“Ay — the trumpeter to the long-ear’d route, I suppose,” replied Claverhouse, glancing slightly round upon his victims, “I will talk with him to-morrow. Take the other three down to the

yard, draw out two files, and fire upon them; and d'ye hear, make a memorandum in the orderlybook of three rebels taken in arms and shot, with the date and name of the place. Drumshinnel, I think, they call it — Look after the preacher till to-morrow; as he was not armed, he must undergo a short examination. Or better, perhaps, take him before the council; I think they should relieve me of a share of this disgusting drudgery. — Let Mr Morton be civilly used, and see that the men look well after their horses, and let my groom wash Wildblood's back with some vinegar, the saddle has touched him a little."

All these various orders, — for life and death, the securing of his prisoners, and the washing his charger's shoulder, — were given in the same unmoved and equable voice, of which no accent or tone intimated that the speaker considered one direction as of more importance than another.

The Cameronians, so lately about to be the willing agents of a bloody execution, were now themselves to undergo it. They seemed prepared alike for either extremity, nor did any of them shew the least sign of fear, when ordered to leave the room for the purpose of meeting

instant death. Their severe enthusiasm sustained them in that dreadful moment, and they departed with a firm look and in silence, excepting that one of them, as he left the apartment, looked Claverhouse full in the face, and pronounced, with a stern and steady voice — “Mischief shall hunt the violent man;” to which Grahame only answered by a smile of contempt.

They had no sooner left the room than Claverhouse applied himself to some food, which one or two of his party had hastily provided, and invited Morton to follow his example, observing, it had been a busy day for them both. Morton declined eating; for the sudden change of circumstances — the transition from the verge of the grave to a prospect of life, had occasioned a dizzy revulsion in his whole system. But the same confused sensation was accompanied by a burning thirst, and he expressed his wish to drink.

“I will pledge you, with all my heart,” said Claverhouse; “for here is a black jack full of ale, and good it must be, if there be good in the country, for the whigs never miss to find it out. — My service to you, Mr Morton,” he

said, filling one horn of ale for himself and handing another to his prisoner.

Morton raised it to his head, and was just about to drink, when the discharge of carabines beneath the window, followed by a deep and hollow groan, repeated twice or thrice, and more faint at each interval, announced the fate of the three men who had just left them. Morton shuddered and set down the untasted cup.

“You are but young in these matters, Mr Morton,” said Claverhouse, after he had very composedly finished his draught; “and I do not think the worse of you as a young soldier for appearing to feel them acutely. But habit, duty, and necessity, reconcile men to every thing.”

“I trust,” said Morton, “they will never reconcile me to such scenes as these.”

“You would hardly believe,” said Claverhouse in reply, “that, in the beginning of my military career, I had as much aversion to seeing blood spilt as ever man felt, it seemed to me to be wrung from my own heart; and yet, if you trust one of those whig fellows, he will tell you I drink a warm cup of it every morning before

I breakfast. But, in truth, Mr Morton, why should we care so much for death, light around us whenever it may? Men die daily — not a bell tolls the hour but it is the death-note of some one or other, and why hesitate to shorten the span of others, or take over-anxious care to prolong our own? It is all a lottery — when the hour of midnight came you were to die — it has struck — you are alive and safe, and the lot has fallen on those fellows who were to murder you. — It is not the expiring pang that is worth thinking of in an event that must happen one day, and may befall us on any given moment — it is the memory which the soldier leaves behind him, like the long train of light that follows the sunken sun — that is all which is worth caring for, which distinguishes the death of the brave or the ignoble. When I think of death, Mr Morton, as a thing worth thinking of, it is in the hope of pressing one day some well-fought and hard-won field of battle, and dying with the shout of victory in my ear — *that* would be worth dying for, and more, it would be worth having lived for!”

At the moment when Grahame delivered these sentiments, his eye glancing with the martial enthusiasm which formed such a prominent

feature in his character, a gory figure, which seemed to rise out of the floor of the apartment, stood upright before him, and presented the wild person and hideous features of the maniac so often mentioned. His face, where it was not covered with blood-streaks, was ghastly pale, for the hand of death was on him. He bent upon Claverhouse eyes, in which the grey light of insanity still twinkled, though just about to flit for ever; and exclaimed with his usual wildness of ejaculation, "Wilt thou trust in thy bow and in thy spear, in thy steed and in thy banner? And shall not God visit thee for innocent blood? — Wilt thou glory in thy wisdom, and in thy courage, and in thy might? And shall not the Lord judge thee? — Behold the princes, for whom thou hast sold thy soul to the destroyer, shall be removed from their place, and banished to other lands, and their names shall be a desolation, and an astonishment, and a hissing, and a curse. And thou, who hast partaken of the wine-cup of fury, and hast been drunken and mad because thereof, the wish of thy heart shall be granted to thy loss, and the hope of thine own pride shall destroy thee. I summon thee, John Grahame, to appear before the tribunal of God, to answer for this innocent blood, and the seas besides which thou hast shed."

He drew his right hand across his bleeding face, and held it up to Heaven as he uttered these words, which he spoke very loud, and then added more faintly, «How long, O Lord, holy and true, doest thou not judge and avenge the blood of thy saints?»

As he uttered the last word, he fell backwards without an attempt to save himself, and was a dead man ere his head touched the floor.

Morton was much shocked at this extraordinary scene, and the prophecy of the dying man, which tallied so strangely with the wish which Claverhouse had just expressed. Two of the dragoons who were in the apartment, hardened as they were, and accustomed to such scenes, showed great consternation at the sudden apparition, the event, and the words which preceded it. Claverhouse alone was unmoved. At the first instant of Mucklewraths appearance, he had put his hand to his pistol, but on seeing the situation of the wounded wretch, he immediately withdrew it, and listened with great composure to his dying exclamation.

When he dropped, Claverhouse asked, in an unconcerned tone of voice — «How came the fellow here? — Speak, you staring fool,” he

added, addressing the nearest dragoon, "unless you would have me think you such a poltroon as to fear a dying man."

The dragoon crossed himself, and replied with a faltering voice, — "That he had escaped their notice when they removed the other bodies, as he chanced to have fallen where a cloak or two had been flung aside, and covered him."

"Take him away now, then, you gaping idiot, and see that he does not bite you, to put an old proverb to shame. — This is a new incident, Mr Morton, that dead men should rise and push us from our stools. I must see that my blackguards grind their swords sharper; they used not to do their work so slovenly. — But we have had a busy day; they are tired with their bloody work, and I suppose you, Mr Morton, as well as I, are well disposed for a few hours repose."

So saying, he yawned, and taking a candle which a soldier had placed ready, saluted Morton courteously, and walked to the apartment which had been prepared for him.

Morton was also accommodated, for the evening, with a separate room. Being left alone, his first occupation was the returning thanks to Heaven for redeeming him from danger, even through

the instrumentality of those who seemed his most dangerous enemies; he also prayed sincerely for the Divine assistance in guiding his course through times which held forth so many dangers and so many errors. And having thus poured forth his spirit in prayer before the Great Being who gave it, he betook himself to the repose which he so much required.

Corrections to the Works of Walter Scott.

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—	25	— an ort	— an or
141	22	— god	— good

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Scott, Walter,

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